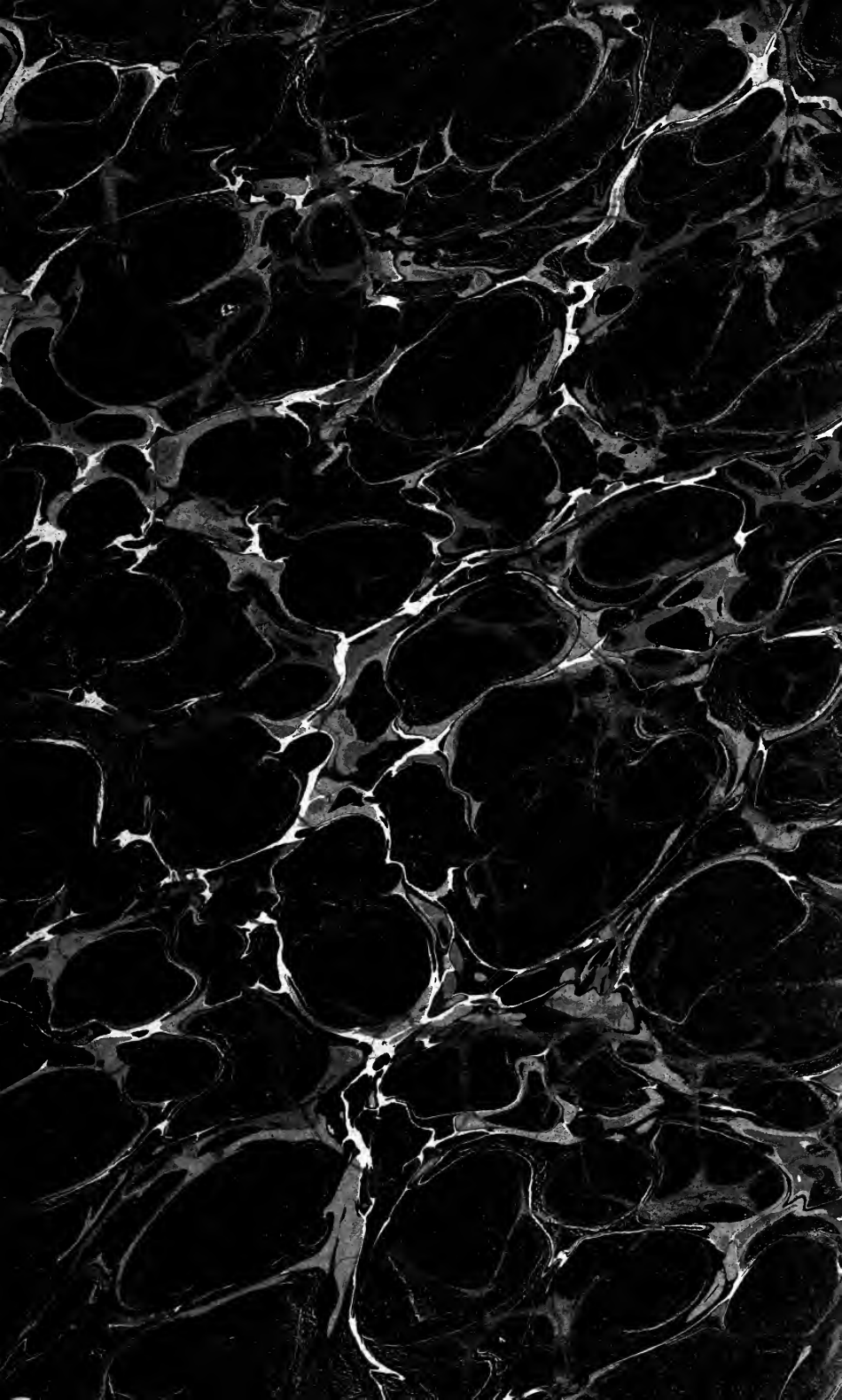




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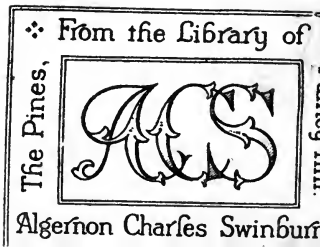
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THE  
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OF  
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR;  
COMPRISING  
HEROIC IDYLS, &c.

NEW EDITION, ENLARGED.

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TO

## GENERAL SIR W. NAPIER.

---

MY DEAR GENERAL, I do not ask permission to dedicate this volume to you : I did not entreat the same liberty of Kossuth. You are the two men I venerate the most among the living. The prime glory of my life is your friendship. This life of mine is drawing to a close, and friendship must end with it. Your incurable and tormenting wounds, endured for half a century, leave to you a date not much longer. But your writings will endure when mine have perished, and you will be remembered as the most impartial as well as the most animated of England's Historians. No family on earth, modern or ancient, has produced so great a number of illustrious men, in literature, science, and war, as the family of Napier ; none in all its branches so ill requited. One of it could have saved India ; another can only adorn England. An illustrious man ordered it to be inscribed on his monument, that he was *the friend of Sir Philip Sidney* ; an obscurer one can but leave this brief memorial that he was the friend of Sir William Napier.



## PREFACE.

---

PREFIXING a preface is like keeping an invited friend at the hall-door, instead of conducting him at once into the house.

Little in these pages will gratify the generality of readers. Poetry, in our day, is oftener prismatic than diaphanous: this is not so: they who look into it may see through. If there be anywhere a few small air-bubbles, it yet leaves to the clear vision a wide expanse of varied scenery.





COME back, ye wandering Muses, come back home,  
Ye seem to have forgotten where it lies :  
Come, let us walk upon the silent sands  
Of Simois, where deep footmarks show long strides ;  
Thence we may mount perhaps to higher ground,  
Where Aphroditè from Athenè won  
The golden apple, and from Herè too,  
And happy Ares shouted far below.

Or would ye rather choose the grassy vale  
Where flows Anapos thro anemones,  
Hyacinths, and narcissuses, that bend  
To show their rival beauty in the stream ?

Bring with you each her lyre, and each in turn  
Temper a graver with a lighter song.



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*The \* indicates the Poems which are reprints from the published works of the author; the others are either new, or have been re-written.*

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## IDYLS, HELLENIC, ETC.

---

### THRASYMEDES AND EUNÖE.

Who will away to Athens with me? who  
Loves choral songs and maidens crown'd with flowers,  
Unenvious? mount the pinnace; hoist the sail.  
I promise ye, as many as are here,  
Ye shall not, while ye tarry with me; taste  
From unrinsed barrel the diluted wine  
Of a low vineyard or a plant ill-pruned,  
But such as anciently the Ægæan iles  
Pour'd in libation at their solemn feasts:  
And the same goblets shall ye grasp, embost  
With no vile figures of loose languid boors,  
But such as Gods have lived with and have led.

The sea smiles bright before us. What white sail  
Plays yonder? what pursues it? Like two hawks  
Away they fly. Let us away in time  
To overtake them. Are they menaces  
We hear? And shall the strong repulse the weak,  
Enraged at her defender? Hippias!  
Art thou the man? 'Twas Hippias. He had found  
His sister borne from the Cecropian port  
By Thrasymedes. And reluctantly?  
Ask, ask the maiden; I have no reply.

“ Brother ! O brother Hippias ! O, if love,  
 If pity, ever toucht thy breast, forbear !  
 Strike not the brave, the gentle, the beloved,  
 My Thrasymedes, with his cloak alone  
 Protecting his own head and mine from harm.”

“ Didst thou not once before,” cried Hippias,  
 Regardless of his sister, hoarse with wrath  
 At Thrasymedes, “ didst not thou, dog-eyed,  
 Dare, as she walkt up to the Parthenon,  
 On the most holy of all holy days,  
 In sight of all the city, dare to kiss  
 Her maiden cheek ? ”

“ Ay, before all the Gods,  
 Ay, before Pallas, before Artemis,  
 Ay, before Aphrodite, before Hera,  
 I dared ; and dare again. Arise, my spouse !  
 Arise ! and let my lips quaff purity  
 From thy fair open brow.”

The sword was up,  
 And yet he kist her twice. Some God withheld  
 The arm of Hippias ; his proud blood seeth'd slower  
 And smote his breast less angrily ; he laid  
 His hand on the white shoulder, and spake thus :  
 “ Ye must return with me. A second time  
 Offended, will our sire Pisistratos  
 Pardon the affront ? Thou shouldst have askt thy-  
 self

This question ere the sail first flapt the mast.”  
 “ Already thou hast taken life from me ;  
 Put up thy sword,” said the sad youth, his eyes  
 Sparkling ; but whether love or rage or grief  
 They sparkled with, the Gods alone could see.



Piræos they re-entered, and their ship  
Drove up the little waves against the quay,  
Whence was thrown out a rope from one above,  
And Hippias caught it. From the virgin's waist  
Her lover dropt his arm, and blusht to think  
He had retain'd it there in sight of rude  
Irreverent men : he led her forth, nor spake.  
Hippias walkt silent too, until they reacht  
The mansion of Pisistratos her sire.  
Serenely in his sternness did the prince  
Look on them both awhile : they saw not him,  
For both had cast their eyes upon the ground.  
"Are these the pirates thou hast taken, son?"  
Said he. "Worse, father! worse than pirates they,  
Who thus abuse thy patience, thus abuse  
Thy pardon, thus abuse the holy rites  
Twice over."

"Well hast thou performed thy duty,"  
Firmly and gravely said Pisistratos.  
"Nothing then, rash young man! could turn thy  
heart  
From Eunöe, my daughter?"

"Nothing, sir,  
Shall ever turn it. I can die but once  
And love but once. O Eunöe! farewell!"  
"Nay, she shall see what thou canst bear for her."  
"O father! shut me in my chamber, shut me  
In my poor mother's tomb, dead or alive,  
But never let me see what he can bear;  
I know how much that is, when borne for me."  
"Not yet: come on. And lag not thou behind,  
Pirate of virgin and of princely hearts!"

Before the people and before the Goddess  
Thou hadst evinced the madness of thy passion,  
And now wouldst bear from home and plenteousness  
To poverty and exile this my child.”  
Then shuddered Thrasymedes, and exclaim’d,  
“I see my crime ; I saw it not before.  
The daughter of Pisistratos was born  
Neither for exile nor for poverty,  
Ah ! nor for me !” He would have wept, but one  
Might see him, and weep worse. The prince un-  
moved  
Strode on, and said, “To-morrow shall the people.  
All who beheld thy trespasses, behold  
The justice of Pisistratos, the love  
He bears his daughter, and the reverence  
In which he holds the highest law of God.”  
He spake ; and on the morrow they were one.

## CORINNA TO TANAGRA.

FROM ATHENS.

TANAGRA ! think not I forget  
Thy beautifully-storied streets ;  
Be sure my memory bathes yet  
In clear Thermodon, and yet greets  
The blithe and liberal shepherd-boy,  
Whose sunny bosom swells with joy  
When we accept his matted rushes  
Upheav'd with sylvan fruit ; away he bounds, and  
blushes.

A gift I promise : one I see  
Which thou with transport wilt receive,  
The only proper gift for thee,  
Of which no mortal shall bereave  
In later times thy mouldering walls,  
Until the last old turret falls ;  
A crown, a crown from Athens won,  
A crown no God can wear beside Latona's son.

There may be cities who refuse  
To their own child the honours due,  
And look ungently on the Muse ;  
But ever shall those cities rue  
The dry, unyielding, niggard breast,  
Offering no nourishment, no rest,  
To that young head which soon shall rise  
Disdainfully, in might and glory, to the skies.

Sweetly where cavern'd Dirce flows  
Do white-arm'd maidens chaunt my lay,  
Flapping the while with laurel-rose  
The honey-gathering tribes away ;  
And sweetly, sweetly Attic tongues  
Lisp your Corinna's early songs ;  
To her with feet more graceful come  
The verses that have dwelt in kindred breasts at  
home.

O let thy children lean aslant  
Against the tender mother's knee,  
And gaze into her face, and want  
To know what magic there can be  
In words that urge some eyes to dance,  
While others as in holy trance  
Look up to heaven : be such my praise !  
Why linger ? I must haste, or lose the Delphic bays.

## MYRTIS.

FRIENDS, whom she lookt at blandly from her couch  
And her white wrist above it, gem-bedewed,  
Were arguing with Pentheusa : she had heard  
Report of Creon's death, whom years before  
She listened to, well-pleas'd ; and sighs arose ;  
For sighs full often fondle with reproofs  
And will be fondled by them. When I came  
After the rest to visit her, she said,  
“ Myrtis ! how kind ! Who better knows than thou  
The pangs of love ? and my first love was he ! ”  
Tell me (if ever, Eros ! are reveal'd  
Thy secrets to the earth) have they been true  
To any love who speak about the first ?  
What ! shall these holier lights, like twinkling stars  
In the few hours assign'd them, change their place,  
And, when comes ampler splendour, disappear ?  
Idler I am, and pardon, not reply,  
Implore from thee, thus questioned ; well I know  
Thou strikest, like Olympian Jove, but once.

## ALETHEIA TO PHRAORTES.

AFTER THE SACKAGE OF MILETOS.

PHRAORTES ! where art *thou* ?

The flames were panting after us, their darts  
Had pierced to many hearts  
Before the Gods, who heard nor prayer nor vow ;

Temples had sunk to earth, and other smoke  
O'er riven altars broke  
Than curled from myrrh and nard,  
When like a God among  
Arm'd hosts and unarm'd throng  
Thee I discern'd, implored, and caught one brief re-  
gard.

Thou passest : from thy side  
Sudden two bowmen ride  
And hurry me away.  
Thou and all hope were gone . .  
They loost me . . and alone  
In a closed tent 'mid gory arms I lay.

How did my tears then burn  
When, dreading thy return,  
Behold thee reappear !  
Nor helm nor sword nor spear . .

In violet gold-hemm'd vest  
Thou camest forth ; too soon !  
Fallen at thy feet, claspt to thy breast,  
I struggle, sob, and swoon.

“ O send me to my mother ! bid her come,  
 And take my last farewell !  
 One blow ! . . enough for both . . one tomb . .  
 ’Tis there *our* happy dwell.”

Thou orderest : call’d and gone  
 At once they are who breathe for thy command.  
 Thou stoodest nigh me, soothing every moan,  
 And pressing in both thine my hand,

Then, and then only, when it tore  
 My hair to hide my face ;  
 And gently did thy own bend o’er  
 The abject head war-doomed to dire disgrace.

Ionian was thy tongue,  
 And when thou badest me to raise  
 That head, nor fear in aught thy gaze,  
 I dared look up . . but dared not long.

“ Wait, maiden, wait ! if none are here  
 Bearing a charm to charm a tear,  
 There may (who knows ?) be found at last  
 Some solace for the sorrow past.”

My mother, ere the sounds had ceast,  
 Burst in, and drew me down :  
 Her joy o’erpowered us both, her breast  
 Covered lost friends and ruin’d town.

Sweet thought ! but yielding now  
 To many harsher ! By what blow

Art thou dissevered from me ? War,  
That hath career'd too far,  
Closeth his pinions. "Come, Phraortes, come  
To thy fond friends at home !"

Thus beckons Love. Away then, wishes wild !  
O may thy mother be as blest  
As one whose eyes will sink to rest  
Blessing thee for her rescued child !

Ungenerous stil my heart must be :  
Throughout the young and festive train  
Which thou revisitest again  
May none be happier (this I fear) than she !



## HOMER AND LAERTES.\*

LAERTES.

Gods help thee ! and restore to thee thy sight !  
My good old guest, I am more old than thou,  
Yet have outlived by many years my son  
Odysseus and the chaste Penelope.

HOMER.

Hither I come to visit thee and sing  
His wanderings and his wisdom, tho my voice  
Be not the voice it was.

LAERTES.

First let us taste  
My old sound wine, and break my bread less old,  
But old enough for teeth like thine and mine.

HOMER.

So be it ! I sing best when such good cheer  
Refreshes me, and such a friend as thou.

LAERTES.

Far hast thou wandered since we met, and told  
Strange stories. Wert thou not afraid some God

\* Poets are not bound to chronology. About Homer and Laertes as little is known as about Polyphemos and Calypso. To the glory of God, let us believe that He created a Homer one and indivisible : we know he created a Shakespeare. After this he rested from his labour a hundred years : then he called to Him the nearest of the Angels, made a model, breathed his own spirit into it, and called it Milton.

Or Goddess should have siez'd upon thy ear  
For talking what thou toldest of their pranks.

HOMER.

They often came about me while I slept  
And brought me dreams, none painful, none profane ;  
They loved thy son, and for his sake loved me.

LAERTES.

Apollo, I well know, was much thy friend.

HOMER.

He did not treat me quite as Marsyas  
Was treated by him : lest he should, I sang  
His praise in my best chaunt : for Gods love praise.

LAERTES.

Have they enricht thee ? for I see thy cloak  
Is ragged.

HOMER.

Ragged cloak is poet's garb.

LAERTES.

I have two better ; one of them for thee.  
Penelope, who died five years ago,  
Spun it ; her husband wore it only once  
And but one year, the anniversary  
Of their espousal.

HOMER.

Wear it will I not,  
But I will hang it on the brightest nail

Of the first temple where Apollo sits,  
Golden-hair'd, in his glory.

LAERTES.

So thou shalt  
If so it please thee : yet we first will quaff  
The gift of Bakkos, for methinks his gifts  
Are quite as welcome to the sons of song  
And cheer them oftener.

*(Girl enters.)*

Maiden ! come thou nigh  
And sit thee down, and thou shalt hear a song  
After a while which Gods may listen to ;  
But place the flask upon the board and wait  
Until the stranger hath allaid his thirst,  
For poets, grasshoppers, and nightingales  
Sing cheerily but when the throat is moist.

## THERON AND ZOE.

ZOE.

CHANGED ? very true, O Theron, I am changed.

THERON.

It would at least have been as merciful  
To hold a moment back from me the briar  
You let recoil thus sharply on my breast.  
Not long ago, not very long, you own'd  
With maiden blushes, which became your brow  
Better than corn-flower, or that periwinkle  
Trained round it by a very careful hand,  
A long while trimming it (no doubt) and proud  
Of making its blue blossom laugh at me.

ZOE.

I could laugh too. What did I own ? It seems  
(It was so little) you have quite forgot.

THERON.

That, since we sate together day by day,  
And walkt together, sang together, none  
Of earliest, gentlest, fondest, maiden friends  
Loved you as formerly. If one remain'd  
Dearer to you than any of the rest,  
You could not wish her greater happiness . .

ZOE.

Than what ?

THERON.

I think you never could have said it . .  
I must have dreamt it . .

ZOE.

Tell me then your dream.

THERON.

I thought you said . . nay, I will swear you said . .  
More than one heard it . . that you could not wish  
The nearest to your heart more perfect joy  
Than Theron's love.

ZOE.

Did I ?

THERON.

The Gods in heaven  
Are witnesses, no less than woodland Gods,  
That you did say it. O how changed ! no word,  
No look, for Theron now !

ZOE.

Girls often say  
More than they mean : men always do.

THERON.

By Pan !

Who punishes with restless nights the false,  
Hurling the sleeper down the precipice  
Into the roaring gulph, or letting loose  
Hounds, wolves, and tigers after him, his legs

Meanwhile tied not quite close, but just apart,  
In withy bands . . by him I swear, my tongue,  
Zoe ! can never utter half my love.  
Retract not one fond word.

ZOE.

I must retract  
The whole of those.

THERON.

And leave me most unblest !

ZOE.

I know not.

THERON.

Heed not, rather say. Farewell.

ZOE.

Farewell. I will not call you back again.  
Go, Theron ! hatred soon will sear your wound.

THERON.

Falsehood I hate : I can not hate the false.

ZOE.

Never ? Then scorn her.

THERON.

I can scorn myself,  
And will ; for others are preferr'd to me ;  
The untried to the tried.

ZOE.

You said farewell.

THERON.

Again I say it.

ZOE.

Now I can believe  
That you, repeating it, indeed are gone.  
Yet seem you standing where you stood before.  
Hath Pan done this ? Pan, who doth such strange  
things.

THERON.

Laugh me to scorn : derision I deserve :  
But let that smile . . O let it be less sweet !  
Sorrowful let me part, but not insane.

ZOE.

I know some words that charm insanity  
Before it can take hold.

THERON.

Speak them ; for now  
Are they most wanted.

ZOE.

I did say, 'tis true,  
If on this solid earth friend dear enough  
Remain'd to me, that Theron is the youth  
I would desire to bless her.

THERON.

To avoid  
My importunity ; to hear no more  
The broken words that spoilt our mutual song,  
The sobs that choakt my flute, the humidity  
(Not from the lip) that gurgled on the stops.

ZOE.

I would avoid them all ; they troubled me.

THERON.

Now then, farewell.

ZOE.

I will do all the harm  
I can to any girl who hopes to love you ;  
Nor shall you have her.

THERON.

Vain and idle threat !

ZOE.

So, Theron ! you would love then once again ?

THERON.

Never ; were love as possible and easy . . .

ZOE.

As what ?

THERON.

As death.



ZOE.

O Theron ! once indeed  
I said the words which then so flatter'd you,  
And now so pain you. Long before my friends  
Left me through envy of your fondness for me,  
No, not the dearest of them could I bear  
To see beloved by you. False words I spake,  
Not knowing then how false they were.

THERON.

Speak now  
One that shall drown them all.

ZOE.

My voice is gone.  
Why did you kiss me . . if you wisht to hear it ?

## ÆSCHYLOS AND SOPHOCLES.

SOPHOCLES.

THOU goest then, and leavest none behind  
Worthy to rival thee !

ÆSCHYLOS.

Nay, say not so.  
Whose is the hand that now is pressing mine ?  
A hand I may not ever press again !  
What glorious forms hath it brought boldly forth  
From Pluto's realm ! The blind old Œdipos  
Was led on one side by Antigone,  
Sophocles propt the other.

SOPHOCLES.

Sophocles  
Sooth'd not Prometheus chain'd upon his rock,  
Keeping the vultures and the Gods away ;  
Sophocles is not greater than the chief  
Who conquered Ilion, nor could he revenge  
His murder, or stamp everlasting brand  
Upon the brow of that adulterous wife.

ÆSCHYLOS.

Live, and do more.

Thine is the Lemnian ile,  
And thou hast placed the arrows in the hand  
Of Philoctetes, hast assuaged his wounds  
And given his aid without which Greece had fail'd.

## SOPHOCLES.

I did indeed drive off the pest of flies ;  
We also have our pest of them which buz  
About our honey, darken it, and sting ;  
We laugh at them, for under hands like ours,  
Without the wing that Philoctetes shook,  
One single feather crushes the whole swarm.

I must be grave.

Hath Sicily such charms  
Above our Athens ? Many charms hath she,  
But she hath kings. Accursed be the race !

## . ÆSCHYLOS.

But where kings honor better men than they  
Let kings be honored too.

The laurel crown  
Surmounts the golden ; wear it, and farewell.

## DAMÆTAS AND IDA.

DAMÆTAS is a boy as rude  
As ever broke maid's solitude.  
He watcht the little Ida going  
Where the wood-raspberries were growing,  
And, under a pretence of fear  
Lest they might scratch her arms, drew near,  
And, plucking up a stiff grey bent,  
The fruit (scarce touching it,) he sent  
Into both hands : the form they took  
Of a boat's keel upon a brook ;  
So not a raspberry fell down  
To splash her foot or stain her gown.  
When it was over, for his pains  
She let his lips do off the stains  
That were upon two fingers ; he  
At first kist two, and then kist three,  
And, to be certain every stain  
Had vanisht, kist them o'er again.  
At last the boy, quite shameless, said  
" See ! I have taken out the red !  
Now where there's redder richer fruit  
Pray, my sweet Ida, let me do 't."  
" Audacious creature !" she cried out,  
" What in the world are you about ?"  
He had not taken off the red  
All over ; on both cheeks 'twas spred ;  
And the two lips that should be white  
With fear, if not with fear, with spite  
At such ill usage, never show'd  
More comely, or more deeply glow'd.

Damætas fancied he could move  
The girl to listen to his love :  
Not he indeed.

DAMÆTAS.

For pity's sake !

IDA.

Go ; never more come nigh this brake.

DAMÆTAS.

Must I, why must I, press in vain ?

IDA.

Because I hate you.

DAMÆTAS.

Think again,  
Think better of it, cruel maid !

IDA.

Well then . . because I am afraid.

DAMÆTAS.

Look round us : nobody is near.

IDA.

All the more reason for my fear.

DAMÆTAS.

Hatred is overcome by you,  
And Fear can be no match for two.

## HYPERBION.

HYPERBION was among the chosen few  
Of Phœbus ; and men honored him awhile,  
Honoring in him the God. But others sang  
As loudly ; and the boys as loudly cheer'd.  
Hyperbion (more than bard should be) was wroth,  
And thus he spake to Phœbus : " Hearest thou,  
O Phœbus ! the rude rabble from the field,  
Who swear that they have known thee ever since  
Thou feddest for Admetos his white bull ? "  
" I hear them," said the God. " Seize thou the first  
And haul him up above the heads of men,  
And thou shalt hear them shout for thee as pleas'd."  
Headstrong and proud Hyperbion was : the crown  
Of laurel on it badly cool'd his brow :  
So, when he heard them singing at his gate,  
While some with flints cut there the rival's name,  
Rushing he seiz'd the songster at their head :  
The songster kickt and struggled hard ; in vain.  
Hyperbion claspt him round with arm robust,  
And with the left a hempen rope uncoil'd,  
Whereon already was a noose : it held  
The calf until the mother's teat was drawn  
At morn and eve ; and both were now afield.  
With all his strength he pull'd the wretch along,  
And haul'd him up a pine-tree where he died.  
But one night, not long after, in his sleep  
He saw the songster : then did he beseech  
Apollo to enlighten him, if perchance  
In what he did he had done aught amiss.  
" Thou hast done well, Hyperbion ! " said the God,

“As I did also to one Marsyas  
Some years ere thou wert born : but better 'twere  
If thou hadst understood my words aright,  
For those around may harm thee, and assign  
As reason that thou wentest past the law.  
My meaning was that thou shouldst hold him up  
In the high places of thy mind, and show  
Thyself the greater by enduring him.”  
Downcast Hyperbion stood : but Phœbus said  
“Be of good cheer, Hyperbion ! if the rope  
Is not so frayed but it may hold thy calf,  
The greatest harm is that by hauling him  
Thou hast chafed, sorely, sorely, that old pine ;  
And pine-tree bark will never close again.”

## ALCIPHRON AND LEUCIPPE.

AN ancient chestnut's blossoms threw  
Their heavy odour over two :  
Leucippe, it is said, was one,  
The other then was Alciphron.

“Come, come ! why should we stand beneath  
This hollow tree's unwholesome breath,”  
Said Alciphron, “here's not a blade  
Of grass or moss, and scanty shade.  
Come ; it is just the hour to rove  
In the lone dingle shepherds love,  
There, straight and tall, the hazel twig  
Divides the crooked rock-held fig,  
O'er the blue pebbles where the rill  
In winter runs, and may run stil.  
Come then, while fresh and calm the air,  
And while the shepherds are not there.”

## LEUCIPPE.

But I would rather go when they  
Sit round about and sing and play.  
Then why so hurry me ? for you  
Like play and song and shepherds too.

## ALCIPHRON.

I like the shepherds very well,  
And song and play, as you can tell.  
But there is play I sadly fear,  
And song I would not have you hear.



LEUCIPPE.

What can it be ? what can it be ?

ALCIPHRON.

To you may none of them repeat  
The play that you have played with me,  
The song that made your bosom beat.

LEUCIPPE.

Don't keep your arm about my waist.

ALCIPHRON.

Might not you stumble ?

LEUCIPPE.

Well then, do.  
But why are we in all this haste ?

ALCIPHRON.

To sing.

LEUCIPPE.

Alas ! and not play too ?

## MELITON AND LILY.

THERE was a time when Flowers could speak more  
plain  
Than Poets now do ; and for once again  
A Flower shall answer what a Poet said . .  
Meliton *he* was, Lily was the maid.  
Sit on this garden-bench and hear a song,  
Maybe not tiresome, certainly not long.

## MELITON.

Lily ! why dost thou shower on me the gold  
Off thy white bosom, dazzling to behold ?  
Must I confess to thee, another Flower  
I love stil better at this very hour,  
And she shall (if not over) place thee nigh  
A bosom pure as thine, where never sigh  
(I hope) shall shake thee, Lily ! now goodbye,  
Forgetting not, nor ready to disown  
Thy friend of other days, thy Meliton.  
Before thee, at an early season, burst  
A Rose, and whispered low . . *You loved me first.*

## LILY.

You are inconstant, now I know,  
I often heard it long ago  
But never thought to tell you so.  
I need no blush ; but every day  
She blushes ; yes, and well she may.

Pure let her be ! well ! who should care ?  
Is she, pray tell me, quite as fair ?  
You do not answer what I ask.

MELITON.

I dare not ; it's too hard a task.

## ICARIOS AND ERIGONÈ.

IMPROVIDENT were once the Attic youths,  
As (if we may believe the credulous  
And testy) various youths have been elsewhere.  
But truly such was their improvidence,  
Ere Pallas in compassion was their guide,  
They never stowed away the fruits of earth  
For winter use ; nor knew they how to press  
Olive or grape : yet hospitality  
Sate at the hearth, and there was mirth and song.  
Wealthy and generous in the Attic land,  
Icarios ! wert thou ; and Erigonè,  
Thy daughter, gave with hearty glee the milk,  
Buzzing in froth beneath unsteddy goat,  
To many who stopt near her ; some for thirst,  
And some to see upon its back that hand  
So white and small and taper, and await  
Until she should arise and show her face.  
The father wisht her not to leave his house,  
Nor she to leave her father ; yet there sued  
From all the country round both brave and rich ;  
Some, nor the wealthier of her wooers, drove  
Full fifty slant-brow'd kingly-hearted swine,  
Reluctant ever to be led aright,  
Race autocratical, autochthon race,  
Lords of the woods, fed by the tree of Jove.  
Some had three ploughs ; some had eight oxen ; some  
Had vines, on oak, on maple, and on elm,  
In long and strait and gleamy avenues,  
Which would have tired you had you reacht the end  
Without the unshapen steps that led beyond

Up the steep hill to where they leand on poles.  
Yet kind the father was, and kind the maid.  
And now when winter blew the chaff about,  
And hens pursued the grain into the house,  
Quarrelsome and indignant at repulse,  
And rushing back again with ruffled neck,  
They and their brood ; and kids blinkt at the brand,  
And bee-nosed oxen, with damp nostrils lowered  
Against the threshold, stamp't the dogs away ;  
Icarios, viewing these with thoughtful mind,  
Said to Erigonè, " Not scantily  
The Gods have given us these birds, and these  
Short-bleating kids, and these loose-hided steers.  
The Gods have given : to them will we devote  
A portion of their benefits, and bid  
The youths who love and honor us partake :  
So shall their hearts, and so shall ours, rejoice."  
The youths were bidden to the feast : the flesh  
Of kid and crested bird was plentiful :  
The steam hung on the rafters, where were nail'd  
Bushes of savory herbs, and figs and dates ;  
And yellow-pointed pears sent down long stalks  
Through nets wide-mesht, work of Erigonè  
When night was long and lamp yet unsupplied.  
Choice grapes Icarios had ; and these, alone  
Of all men in the country, he preserved  
For festive days ; nor better day than this  
To bring them from beneath his reed-thatcht roof.  
He mounted the twelve stairs with hearty pride,  
And soon was heard he, breathing hard : he now  
Descended, holding in both arms a cask,  
Fictile, capacious, bulging : cork-tree bark

Secured the treasure ; wax above the mouth,  
And pitch above the wax. The pitch he brake,  
The wax he scraped away, and laid them by,  
Wrenching up carefully the cork-tree bark.  
A hum was heard. "What ! are there bees within ?"  
Euphorbas cried. "They came then with the grapes,"  
Replied the elder, and pour'd out clear juice  
Fragrant as flowers, and wrinkled husks anon.  
"The ghosts of grapes !" cried Phanor, fond of jokes  
Within the house, but ever abstinent  
Of such as that in woodland and alone,  
Where any sylvan God might overhear.  
No few were saddened at the ill-omen'd word,  
But sniffing the sweet odour, bent their heads,  
Tasted, sipt, drank, ingurgitated : fear  
Flew from them all, joy rusht to every breast,  
Friendship grew warmer, hands were join'd, vows  
sworn.

From cups of every size, from cups two-ear'd,  
From ivy-twisted and from smooth alike,  
They dash the water ; they pour in the wine ;  
(For wine it was) until that hour unseen.  
They emptied the whole cask ; and they alone ;  
For both the father and the daughter sate  
Enjoying their delight. But when they saw  
Flusht faces, and when angry words arose  
As one more fondly glanced against the cheek  
Of the fair maiden on her seat apart,  
And she lookt down, or lookt another way  
Where other eyes caught hers and did the like,  
Sadly the sire, the daughter fearfully,  
Upon each other fixt wide-open eyes.

This did the men remark, and, bearing signs  
 Different, as were their tempers, of the wine,  
 But feeling each the floor reel under him,  
 Each raging with more thirst at every draught,  
 Acastor first (sidelong his step) arose,  
 Then Phanor, then Antyllos :

“ Zeus above

Confound thee, cursed wretch !” aloud they cried,  
 “ Is this thy hospitality ? must all  
 Who loved thy daughter perish at a blow ?  
 Not at a blow, but like the flies and wasps.”  
 Madness had seiz’d them all. Erigonè  
 Ran out for help ; what help ? Before her sprang  
 Mœra, and howl’d and barkt, and then return’d  
 Presaging. They had dragg’d the old man out  
 And murdered him. Again flew Mœra forth,  
 Faithful, compassionate, and seiz’d her vest,  
 And drew her where the body lay, unclosed  
 The eyes, and rais’d toward the stars of heaven.

Thou who hast listened, and stil ponderest,  
 Raise thine, for thou hast heard enough, raise thine  
 And view Böotes bright among those stars,  
 Brighter the Virgin : Mœra too shines there.  
 But where were the Eumenides ? Repress  
 Thy anger. If the clear calm stars above  
 Appease it not, and blood must flow for blood,  
 Harken, and hear the sequel of the tale.  
 Wide-seeing Zeus lookt down ; as mortals knew  
 By the woods bending under his dark eye,  
 And huge towers shuddering on the mountain  
 tops,  
 And stillness in the valley, in the wold,

And over the deep waters all round earth.  
He lifted up his arm, but struck them not  
In their abasement : by each other's blow  
They fell ; some suddenly ; but more beneath  
The desperate gasp of long-enduring wounds.



## THE BOYS OF VENUS.

TWAIN are the boys of Venus : one surveys  
Benignly this our globe ; the other flies  
Cities and groves, nor listens to their songs  
Nor bears their converse ; hardly is he known  
By name among them ; cold as Eurus, pure  
As gusty rain.

What discord tore apart  
The brothers ? what beside ambition could ?  
The elder was aggriev'd to see the sparks  
Shoot from the younger's whetstone as he turn'd  
His arrow-barbs, nor pleas'd that he should waste  
Day after day in wreathing flowers for crowns,  
Or netting meshes to entrap the birds ;  
And, while rose incense to that idle child,  
To him were only empty honors paid.  
Bitterly to Silenus he complain'd,  
Entreating him to arbitrate his wrongs  
But hearing no remonstrance, mild as were  
The wise God's words ; they only fann'd his ire.  
" Call that Idalian " cried he " then decide."  
He did so.

" Brother ! was it me you call'd ? "  
Said the sweet child, whose wings were hanging down  
Heavily from both shoulders, and his face  
Suffused with shame.

" Will you not even own  
Your little brother from Idalia ? come,  
Let us be friends." Then, turning to the judge,  
" Did he not send for me ? "

To this appeal

Before Silenus could reply, before  
He could, as now he tried, unite their hands,  
“Yes,” interrupted the ferocious one,  
“I did, that you may now learn who I am.”  
Silenus smiled, and beckoning, fondly said  
“Hither now ! kiss each other ; I may then  
Say which is best : each shall have due reward,  
And friend from friend.”

At this the lesser leapt  
And threw his arms about his brother's neck  
Turn'd scornfully away, yet many a kiss  
He gave it ; one, one only, was return'd ;  
For even the brother could not now resist,  
Whether such godlike influence must prevail  
Or whether of repulsing it ashamed ;  
Stil neither would he his intent forego  
Nor moderate his claim, nor cease to boast  
How Chaos he subdued with radiant fire,  
How from the sky its darkness he dispel'd,  
And how the struggling planets he coerced,  
Telling them to what distance they might go,  
And chain'd the raging Ocean down with rocks.

“Is not all this enough for you ?” replied  
The gentler, “envy you my narrow realm ?  
Denying me my right you raise my plumes,  
You make me boast that on my birth there broke  
Throughout the heavens above and earth below  
A golden light. I do not recollect  
What Chaos was, it was before my time ;  
Where flew the stars about I neither know  
Nor care ; but her who governs them I drew  
Behind the Latmian cliffs, entreating me,

And promising me everything, to grant  
Her first and last desire : tho you reside  
In heaven with her, and tho she knows your fame,  
She knows no love but what is scorn'd by you.  
What are sea-shores to me ? I penetrate  
The inmost halls of Nereus ; I command . .  
Up spring the dolphins, and their purple backs  
I smoothe for timorous harper to bestride :  
At losing him, on the dry sands they pine.  
Desert you anyone, he heeds it not,  
But let me leave him and funereal flames  
Burst from his bosom. Your last guest from earth,  
When I was angry with him, threw aside  
The spindle, broke the thread, and lay before  
The gate as any worthless herb might lie,  
And gamesome whelps lept over that broad breast.  
About the Gods above I would not say  
A word to vex you : whether rolls the orb  
We stand upon I know not, or who trims  
The fires ethereal, or who rules the tides.  
If these I yield to you, to me concede  
Free laughter and sly kiss ; fresh flowers give  
me,  
And songs the lyre delights in, give the lull  
Of reeds among the willows upon banks  
Where hollow moss invites and then betrays.  
Let me be happy ; some have call'd me strong ;  
Whether I am so, let recorded facts  
Declare, in every land perform'd by me  
Under the rising and the setting sun,  
Too numerous for a memory weak as mine."  
"Scarce more so than your promises" exclaim'd

The taunter.

Smiling, blushing too, the child  
Acknowledged his forgetfulness . . at times . .  
But added,

“ Do not make me boast again.

If you pretend contempt for earthly cares  
And stand apart from nuptial scenes, and make  
No promises that leave so many blest,  
But turn aside your face and gaze upon  
The dismal depths, and Styx alone adjure,  
Pray tell me who made Pluto, by the pool  
Of that same Styx and panting Phlegethon  
Pant also, while the dog with his three throats  
Growl'd and roar'd out ? who taught the unwilling  
      bride

To bear him ? it was I, it was my sport.  
In his dominions better deeds were mine.  
Following this torch and guided by this hand  
You might have heard amid the silent shades  
The water, drop by drop, fall from the urn  
Of the condemn'd ; the wheel you might have heard  
Creak, with no human groans from it ; thro me  
Laodameia met again the youth  
She died for, and Eurydice met her's.”

The generous Judge embraced the generous God,  
Then tranquilly bespake the other thus.

“ O worthy child of thy grave sire ! to thee  
I give the stars in keeping, with his leave,  
And storms and seas and rocks that hold them in  
With Neptune's, asking Amphitrite's too.  
Thou, lesser of the winged ones ! the source  
Of genial smiles, who makest every sun

Roll brighter, and ten thousand fall far short  
Of one such night as thou alone canst give ;  
Who holdest back the willing Hours at play,  
And makest them run weariless aside  
Thy quickest car ! be thou with this content.  
To thee do I assign thy modest claim.  
Write it in thy own words . . The linkèd hands,  
And every flower that Spring most gladly wears,  
And every song the quivering lyre of youth  
Delights in ; and the whispers of the reeds  
Under the willows ; and the mossy tuft  
Dimpling but to betray : should anywhere  
Be sweeter whispers, be they also thine  
Do thou but” . . then he blusht and lowered his  
head  
Against the boy's . . “ touch gently with thy dart,  
So that no mortal see . . Ianthe's breast.”

## THE HAMADRYAD.

RHAICOS was born amid the hills wherefrom  
Gnidos the light of Caria is discern'd,  
And small are the white-crested that play near,  
And smaller onward are the purple waves.  
Thence festal choirs were visible, all crown'd  
With rose and myrtle if they were inborn ;  
If from Pandion sprang they, on the coast  
Where stern Athenè raised her citadel,  
Then olive was intwined with violets  
Cluster'd in bosses, regular and large.  
For various men wore various coronals ;  
But one was their devotion : 'twas to her  
Whose laws all follow, her whose smile withdraws  
The sword from Ares, thunderbolt from Zeus,  
And whom in his chill caves the mutable  
Of mind, Poseidon, the sea-king, reveres,  
And whom his brother, stubborn Dis, hath pray'd  
To turn in pity the averted cheek  
Of her he bore away, with promises,  
Nay, with loud oath before dread Styx itself,  
To give her daily more and sweeter flowers  
Than he made drop from her on Enna's dell.

Rhaicos was looking from his father's door  
At the long trains that hastened to the town  
From all the valleys, like bright rivulets  
Gurgling with gladness, wave outrunning wave,  
And thought it hard he might not also go  
And offer up one prayer, and press one hand,  
He knew not whose. The father call'd him in,  
And said, " Son Rhaicos ! those are idle games ;

Long enough I have lived to find them so.”  
And ere he ended, sighed ; as old men do  
Always, to think how idle such games are.  
“I have not yet,” thought Rhaicos in his heart,  
And wanted proof.

“Suppose thou go and help  
Echeion at the hill, to bark yon oak  
And lop its branches off, before we delve  
About the trunk and ply the root with axe :  
This we may do in winter.”

Rhaicos went ;  
For thence he could see farther, and see more  
Of those who hurried to the city-gate.  
Echeion he found there, with naked arm  
Swart-hair'd, strong-sinew'd, and his eyes intent  
Upon the place where first the axe should fall :  
He held it upright. “There are bees about,  
Or wasps, or hornets,” said the cautious eld,  
“Look sharp, O son of Thallinos !” The youth  
Inclined his ear, afar, and warily,  
And cavern'd in his hand. He heard a buzz  
At first, and then the sound grew soft and clear,  
And then divided into what seem'd tune,  
And there were words upon it, plaintive words.  
He turn'd, and said, “Echeion ! do not strike  
That tree : it must be hollow ; for some God  
Speaks from within. Come thyself near.” Again  
Both turn'd toward it : and behold ! there sat  
Upon the moss below, with her two palms  
Pressing it on each side, a maid in form.  
Downcast were her long eyelashes, and pale  
Her cheek, but never mountain-ash display'd

Berries of colour like her lip so pure,  
Nor were the anemones about her hair  
Soft, smooth, and wavering, like the face beneath.

“What dost thou here?” Echeion, half-afraid,  
Half-angry, cried. She lifted up her eyes,  
But nothing spake she. Rhaicos drew one step  
Backward, for fear came likewise over him,  
But not such fear: he panted, gaspt, drew in  
His breath, and would have turn’d it into words,  
But could not into one.

“O send away  
That sad old man!” said she. The old man went  
Without a warning from his master’s son,  
Glad to escape, for sorely he now fear’d,  
And the axe shone behind him in their eyes.

## HAMADRYAD.

And wouldst thou too shed the most innocent  
Of blood? no vow demands it; no God wills  
The oak to bleed.

## RHAICOS.

Who art thou? whence? why here?  
And whither wouldst thou go? Among the robed  
In white or saffron, or the hue that most  
Resembles dawn or the clear sky, is none  
Array’d as thou art. What so beautiful  
As that gray robe which clings about thee close,  
Like moss to stones adhering, leaves to trees,  
Yet lets thy bosom rise and fall in turn,  
As, toucht by zephyrs, fall and rise the boughs  
Of graceful platan by the river-side.



HAMADRYAD.

Lovest thou well thy father's house ?

RHAICOS.

Indeed

I love it, well I love it, yet would leave  
For thine, where'er it be, my father's house,  
With all the marks upon the door, that show  
My growth at every birth-day since the third,  
And all the charms, o'erpowering evil eyes,  
My mother nail'd for me against my bed,  
And the Cydonian bow (which thou shalt see)  
Won in my race last spring from Eutychos.

HAMADRYAD.

Bethink thee what it is to leave a home  
Thou never yet hast left, one night, one day.

RHAICOS.

No, 'tis not hard to leave it ; 'tis not hard  
To leave, O maiden, that paternal home,  
If there be one on earth whom we may love  
First, last, for ever ; one who says that she  
Will love for ever too. To say which word,  
Only to say it, surely is enough . .  
It shows such kindness . . if 'twere possible  
We at the moment think she would indeed.

HAMADRYAD.

Who taught thee all this folly at thy age ?

RHAICOS.

I have seen lovers and have learnt to love.

HAMADRYAD.

But wilt thou spare the tree ?

RHAICOS.

My father wants  
The bark ; the tree may hold its place awhile.

HAMADRYAD.

Awhile ! thy father numbers then my days ?

RHAICOS.

Are there no others where the moss beneath  
Is quite as tufty ? Who would send thee forth  
Or ask thee why thou tarriest ? Is thy flock  
Anywhere near ?

HAMADRYAD.

I have no flock : I kill  
Nothing that breathes, that stirs, that feels the air,  
The sun, the dew. Why should the beautiful  
(And thou art beautiful) disturb the source  
Whence springs all beauty ? Hast thou never heard  
Of Hamadryads ?

RHAICOS.

Heard of them I have :  
Tell me some tale about them. May I sit  
Beside thy feet ? Art thou not tired ? The herbs

Are very soft ; I will not come too nigh ;  
 Do but sit there, nor tremble so, nor doubt.  
 Stay, stay an instant : let me first explore  
 If any acorn of last year be left  
 Within it ; thy thin robe too ill protects  
 Thy dainty limbs against the harm one small  
 Acorn may do. Here's none. Another day  
 Trust me ; til then let me sit opposite.

HAMADRYAD.

I seat me ; be thou seated, and content.

RHAICOS.

O sight for gods ! Ye men below ! adore  
 The Aphroditè. *Is* she there below ?  
 Or sits she here before me ? as she sate  
 Before the shepherd on those highths that shade  
 The Hellespent, and brought his kindred woe.

HAMADRYAD.

Reverence the higher Powers ; nor deem amiss  
 Of her who pleads to thee, and would repay . .  
 Ask not how much . . but very much. Rise not :  
 No, Rhaicos, no ! Without the nuptial vow  
 Love is unholy. Swear to me that none  
 Of mortal maids shall ever taste thy kiss,  
 Then take thou mine ; then take it, not before.

RHAICOS.

Hearken, all gods above ! O Aphroditè !  
 O Herè ! let my vow be ratified !  
 But wilt thou come into my father's house ?

HAMADRYAD.

Nay : and of mine I can not give thee part.

RHAICOS.

Where is it ?

HAMADRYAD.

In this oak.

RHAICOS.

Ay ; now begins  
The tale of Hamadryad : tell it through.

HAMADRYAD.

Pray of thy father never to cut down  
My tree ; and promise him, as well thou mayst,  
That every year he shall receive from me  
More honey than will buy him nine fat sheep,  
More wax than he will burn to all the gods.  
Why fallest thou upon thy face ? Some thorn  
May scratch it, rash young man ! Rise up ; for  
shame !

RHAICOS.

For shame I can not rise. O pity me !  
I dare not sue for love . . but do not hate !  
Let me once more behold thee . . not once more,  
But many days : let me love on . . unloved !  
I aimed too high : on my own head the bolt  
Falls back, and pierces to the very brain.

## HAMADRYAD.

Go . . rather go, than make me say I love.

## RHAICOS.

If happiness is immortality,  
(And whence enjoy it else the gods above ?)  
I am immortal too : my vow is heard :  
Hark ! on the left . . Nay, turn not from me now,  
I claim my kiss.

## HAMADRYAD.

Do men take first, then claim ?  
Do thus the seasons run their course with them ?

. . Her lips were seal'd, her head sank on his breast.  
Tis said that laughs were heard within the wood :  
But who should hear them ? . . and whose laughs ?  
and why ?

Savoury was the smell, and long past noon,  
Thallinos ! in thy house ; for marjoram,  
Basil and mint, and thyme and rosemary,  
Were sprinkled on the kid's well roasted length,  
Awaiting Rhaicos. Home he came at last,  
Not hungry, but pretending hunger keen,  
With head and eyes just o'er the maple plate.  
"Thou seest but badly, coming from the sun,  
Boy Rhaicos !" said the father. "That oak's bark  
Must have been tough, with little sap between ;  
It ought to run ; but it and I are old."  
Rhaicos, although each morsel of the bread  
Increast by chewing, and the meat grew cold  
And tasteless to his palate, took a draught

Of gold-bright wine, which, thirsty as he was,  
He thought not of until his father fill'd  
The cup, averring water was amiss,  
But wine had been at all times pour'd on kid,  
It was religion.

He thus fortified  
Said, not quite boldly, and not quite abasht,  
“Father, that oak is Zeusis’ own ; that oak  
Year after year will bring thee wealth from wax  
And honey. There is one who fears the gods  
And the gods love . . that one”  
(He blusht, nor said  
What one)

“Hath promist this, and may do more.  
We have not many moons to wait until  
The bees have done their best : if then there come  
Nor wax nor honey, let the tree be hewn.”

“Zeus hath bestow’d on thee a prudent mind,”  
Said the glad sire : “but look thou often there,  
And gather all the honey thou canst find  
In every crevice, over and above  
What hath been promist ; would they reckon that ?”

Rhaicos went daily ; but the nymph as oft  
Invisible. To play at love, she knew,  
Stopping its breathings when it breathes most soft,  
Is sweeter than to play on any pipe.  
She play’d on his : she fed upon his sighs ;  
They pleas’d her when they gently waved her hair,  
Cooling the pulses of her purple veins,  
And when her absence brought them out they pleas’d.  
Even among the fondest of them all,  
What mortal or immortal maid is more

Content with giving happiness than pain ?  
One day he was returning from the wood  
Despondently. She pitied him, and said  
"Come back!" and twined her fingers in the hem  
Above his shoulder. Then she led his steps  
To a cool rill that ran o'er level sand  
Through lentisk and through oleander, there  
Bathed she his feet, lifting them on her lap  
When bathed, and drying them in both her hands.  
He dared complain ; for those who most are loved  
Most dare it ; but not harsh was his complaint.  
"O thou inconstant!" said he, "if stern law  
Bind thee, or will, stronger than sternest law,  
O, let me know henceforward when to hope  
The fruit of love that grows for me but here."  
He spake ; and pluckt it from its pliant stem.  
"Impatient Rhaicos! why thus intercept  
The answer I would give? There is a bee  
Whom I have fed, a bee who knows my thoughts  
And executes my wishes : I will send  
That messenger. If ever thou art false,  
Drawn by another, own it not, but drive  
My bee away : then shall I know my fate,  
And, . . for thou must be wretched, . . weep at thine.  
But often as my heart persuades to lay  
Its cares on thine and throb itself to rest,  
Expect her with thee, whether it be morn,  
Or eve, at any time when woods are safe."

Day after day the Hours beheld them blest,  
And season after season : years had past,  
Blest were they still. He who asserts that Love

Ever is sated of sweet things, the same  
Sweet things he fretted for in earlier days,  
Never, by Zeus ! loved he a Hamadryad.

The nights had now grown longer, and perhaps  
The Hamadryads find them lone and dull  
Among their woods ; one did, alas ! She called  
Her faithful bee : 'twas when all bees should sleep,  
And all did sleep but hers. She was sent forth  
To bring that light which never wintry blast  
Blows out, nor rain nor snow extinguishes,  
The light that shines from loving eyes upon  
Eyes that love back, till they can see no more.

Rhaicos was sitting at his father's hearth :  
Between them stood the table, not o'erspread.  
With fruits which autumn now profusely bore,  
Nor anise cakes, nor odorous wine ; but there  
The draft-board was expanded ; at which game  
Triumphant sat old Thallinos ; the son  
Was puzzled, vext, discomfited, distraught.  
A buzz was at his ear : up went his hand,  
And it was heard no longer. The poor bee  
Return'd (but not until the morn shone bright)  
And found the Hamadryad with her head  
Upon her aching wrist, and showed one wing  
Half-broken off, the other's meshes marr'd,  
And there were bruises which no eye could see  
Saving a Hamadryad's.

At this sight  
Down fell the languid brow, both hands fell down,  
A shriek was carried to the ancient hall  
Of Thallinos : he heard it not : his son



Heard it, and ran forthwith into the wood.  
No bark was on the tree, no leaf was green,  
The trunk was riven through. From that day forth  
Nor word nor whisper sooth'd his ear, nor sound  
Even of insect wing : but loud laments  
The woodmen and the shepherds one long year  
Heard day and night ; for Rhaicos would not quit  
The solitary place, but moan'd and died.

Hence milk and honey wonder not, O guest,  
To find set duly on the hollow stone.

## DRYOPE.

CETA was glorious ; proud of ancestry  
There Dryops reign'd : Spercheios was his sire,  
His mother Polydora ; but above  
All ancestry went forth his daughter's fame,  
Dryope, loved by him whose radiant car  
Surmounts the heavens. With light he irrigates  
The earth beneath, to all things gives their hue,  
Motion, and graceful form, and harmony :  
But now the tresses of his golden hair  
Wills he to fall and his warm breath to breathe  
On Dryope alone ; her he pursues  
Among the willow of pubescent flower  
And fragrant bark stript off the tender twigs,  
Moist, split, and ready for the basket-braid.  
He followed her along the river-bank,  
Along the shallow where the Nereids meet  
The Dryads.

She was tending once her flock  
In a deep valley, when there suddenly  
Burst forth the sound of horn and pipe, and clash  
Of cymbal rattling from uplifted palms ;  
Dryad and Hamadryad, wild with joy,  
Ran on before, ran on behind ; one stopt  
And cried to her, ere past . .

“ Art thou alone  
Forgetful of the day, our festival ?  
Is Dryops greater than Admetos, king  
But shepherd too : Apollo watcht his flock,  
Apollo scared the stealing wolves away,  
And even Apollo now is scared from thine !

Thus daughters place their seat above their sire's."

Dryope laught, no little proud, at taunt  
Like this.

And now the revels were begun,  
And circling dance succeeded ; and the day  
Closed with the chorus of the pæan hymn.  
Weary with dancing Dryope reclined  
On the soft herbage : lo ! before her feet  
Shone forth a lyre amidst it ; whose that lyre  
Each askt, and none replied, for surely each  
Had hers : was it Antonoë's ? was it like  
Theano's ? Whose-soever it might be  
She took it, and with twinkling finger ran  
Over the chords : and now at one she glanced  
Now at another, with a nod that said  
She knew their mischief, and to punish them  
She thrust it in her bosom. Ha ! behold !  
A snake glides out. All shriek aloud, all throw  
Their bodies back and spring up all at once.  
Antonoë dasht upon her fragil reed  
Her tender hand in rising, but scarce felt  
The wound until she saw one ruddy globe  
Enlarging, then she shuddered, then she suckt  
The whole away, and but two rims appear'd.  
Faster the others ran, they knew not where,  
Thro' every field about : the choral shell  
Around whose loosen'd strings the snake had coil'd  
Was now all snake. He rusht on Dryope,  
So slow in due performance of the rites,  
Rites which the fathers for their God ordain'd.  
Then spake Antonoë to the only Nymph  
Remaining nigh, stil fleeing both away,

Both looking back ; for pity rose o'er fear.  
 "See ! see ! the wicked serpent ! how he licks  
 Her eyes and bosom ! how he bends her down  
 When she would rise and run away ! where now  
 Can be Apollo, proud of Python slain ?  
 Scorn'd by one inexperienced, feard by one  
 Silly, he seems to think that Fear can win  
 Where Love was driven off.

Help, Phœbus, help !

How swells the creature's neck ! how fierce his crest !  
 A cloud hides all below. The dragon race  
 Is various : now they shake their scales on earth,  
 Now shine their feathers in the sky ; now flame  
 In cars athwart ; now their hard bodies melt  
 In the thin air nor leave a trace behind."

Deep in a woody dell beneath a cliff,  
 Scarce daring yet to lift her eyes above  
 The lowest bush, Callianeira held  
 Diaula, dubious to run on or stay,  
 And argued with her thus.

"Since now the grass  
 In the warm spring lies closer and grows higher,  
 And many things may at first sight decieve,  
 Might it not be a lizard she caught up  
 Into her bosom ? What is pleasanter  
 Than in hot days to hold a lizard there  
 Panting, and gently with a finger's tip  
 Provoke its harmless bite ? The species seems  
 Rare, it is true. Behold how sisterly  
 Dryope treats it."

"Lizard ! no indeed !"

Replied the maiden with wide-open eyes,

“No lizard can be seen a whole field off,  
Nor so spring up as that bold animal.”  
Neither Diaula nor her arguer dared  
Procede : Callianeira went alone  
Toward Dryope midway.

Again, whate’er

It was erewhile, the form is changed ; no more  
A serpent, nor indeed a lizard now,  
Nor chelys, is that orb by purple veil’d  
One moment and then alter’d into white ;  
As violets under hailstones when the wind  
Blows hurriedly and fitfully above.  
Then partly mused and partly uttered some.  
“That hair is surely hers : another Nymph  
Not of our company, and practised more  
In quelling serpents, may have intervened,  
Or witch in gleeful mischief played her pranks.  
What hand is under her ? what hair like hers  
Is waving over ?”

Delius now appear’d

Himself among them, and with radiant nod  
And arm outstretcht recall’d the fugitives,  
Drawing his purple vest more closely round.  
They came with downcast eyes, remembering well  
Their terror when he lent his lofty car  
To that ambitious son, and how the lakes  
Shrank under him, and how the rivers paus’d  
In silence, and how Po himself, although  
From heaven descended, was enwrappt in flames ;  
Remembering too the clangor of his bow  
Bent against Python, when Diana’s self  
Trembled at her deliverer : well they knew

The power, for good or evil, of the God,  
And kept the fearful secret in their breasts.

Soon they recovered ; soon they pitied her  
The victim of such cruelty : the words  
Of pity Dryope well understood,  
Replying not. They lookt into her eyes  
A little languid ; on her neck they lookt  
A little moist ; they own'd her pouting lip  
Was worthy of the God.

Each sily askt  
Some little question ; she could only blush.  
Slowly, nor staying to reprove, she went  
Amid their giggles to her father's house.  
They, growing bolder, might mayhap have told  
The tale to others, but had gazed too near  
For bashful Nymphs ; beside, Diana's wrath  
They dreaded if her brother they betraid.

Dryope, now Andræmon's happy spouse  
And mother of Amphissos, every spring  
Is celebrated thro' the groves and vales  
Of Cæta, where the pæan had been sung.

## CORESUS AND CALLIRHOË.

WITH song and dance the maids of Calydon  
Had met to celebrate the yearly rites  
Of Bacchus. Where two taller whirl around  
The rope, and call another to run in,  
A wanton one pusht forward her who stood  
Aside her ; when she stumbled they all laught  
To see her upright heels and scattered hair.  
'Twas then, Callirhoë, that thy mother fail'd  
Even with prayer to bring thee back again  
Before the altar : it is said a tear  
Roll'd down thy cheek from shame, and not without  
A blush of anger . . who on earth can vouch  
For this ? since both thy hands hid both thy cheeks.

Rising from his high seat the youthful priest  
Came forward, pitying her : of graceful mien  
Coresus was, and worthy of his God.  
Ah poor Coresus ! luckless was the hour  
Of his first meeting her ; there might have been  
Hour more propitious ; she perhaps had loved  
Distractedly the youth she now abhor'd ;  
He too, unless her blushes and her tears  
Had penetrated deep his generous heart,  
Might have loved on and sung his woes away.  
Now neither butting goat nor honeyed must  
Pourd by the straining boys between his horns  
Regarded he ; no, nor with wonted cheer  
Appeard to him the God of gamesome glee.  
Not even when Hesper call'd his winking train  
Around him, and when shook the lower shrubs  
More than the breeze had shaken them erewhile,

Would he decline his aking eyes to sleep ;  
But out of the inclosure, where the grass  
Was rank with fallen leaves and heavy dew,  
Lonely he stood beneath an ilex shade,  
And meditated long and soon forgot  
The words he had to say : he could recall  
(He thought) her features, but before him rose  
A face less beautiful, not less severe.  
Many the days he sought the maid in vain,  
Many the nights he stood before the house ;  
She waits not even to be seen ; no foot  
Passes her door, and the dog barks, but strait  
Up springs she from her chair ; she surely hears  
And knows his tread ; what other can it be ?  
When she would break a thread off with her teeth  
She stops, and holds it in a trembling hand  
Suspended, just above the humid lip  
White now with fear ; and often her loose locks  
She dashes back to place a surer ear  
Against the hinge : is any footfall heard  
Passing the portico, he steps that way ;  
If soft the sound, he stands there, none but he :  
If none, he certainly is close behind.

The reed grows harder from perpetual winds,  
From fears perpetual harder grows the maid.  
At first Callirhoë scarcely would confess  
To her own mother, scarcely to herself ;  
Now she is ready, now she is resolved  
With savage speech his fondness to repay,  
Words she would gather for his punishment,  
And is more angry when she finds not one ;  
An aggravation of his past offence.



Flexible is the coral branch beneath  
The Erythræan sea ; to air exposed  
It stiffens, no strong hand can bend it back :  
Such was her nature : she had laid aside  
Her former manners ; its ingenuous shame  
Quitted that cheek it lately discomposed ;  
Crouds she avoided not, nor greatly cared  
If others knew what she but yesterday  
Was vexed at knowing : she rejoiced to hear  
A name she loath'd so late. Vainglory caught  
And made a plaything of an empty heart.  
When she hears footsteps from behind, she checks  
Her own, to let him either stop or pass ;  
She would not wish his love nor him away,  
Conscious that she is walking over fire  
Unwounded, on a level with the Gods,  
And rendering null the noblest gifts they gave.

Where grows a dittany that heals the smart  
Love's broken arrow leaves within the breast ?  
He loves not who such anguish can endure,  
He who can burst asunder such a bond  
Loves not.

Hard-breathing from his inmost soul  
Catillus siez'd her hand, then threw it back  
And pour'd forth with stern look these bitter words.  
"No longer ask I pity on my grief,  
Callirhoë ! tis unworthy of us both,  
But there is one who knows it, one above,  
And will avenge it. Thou hast seen the last  
Of all the tears these eyes will ever shed ;  
This grieves me, and this only . . Pestilence  
Now stalks in darkness on from street to street,

And slow steps follow : wasted, worn away,  
The aged are gone forth to learn the will  
Of those we worship ; and their late return,  
Lookt for since dawn from all the higher roofs,  
In vain is lookt for. Thro the city lie  
Children whom dying parents would embrace,  
Innocent children ! they have not been spared,  
And shall the guilty before heaven escape ?

I was contemn'd, and I deserv'd contempt,  
I loved imprudently ; yet throughout life  
Those arts I cherisht which lead youth aright,  
And strengthen manhood and adorn old-age.  
Old-age ! for me there will be none : my brow  
Hath worn its crown . . for what ? that festal songs  
May rise around the altar, sung by thee.  
Worthy I was to woo, and woo I did ;  
I am unworthy now, and now abstain,  
Subjected to the levity of all,  
Even my own friends : and yet might I have stood  
Above those equal-aged, whether the prize  
Were olive, given by heroes, whether bay  
Which only Gods, and they on few, bestow,  
Or whether, O Callirhoë ! in thy love.

Let kings throw largesses around, let earth  
And ocean be explored that vulgar eyes  
May gaze at vulgar heads rais'd somewhat higher,  
The Gods alone give genius, they alone  
Give beauty . . why so seldom to unite !  
She shines her hour, and then the worshiper  
Rises and goes. Genius stands cold, apart,  
Like Saturn in the skies ; his aspect seems,  
To mortal men below, oblique, malign . . .”

While he was speaking and about to pause,  
Downcast, with silent and slow step approacht  
They who went forth to touch with purest hands  
The altar, and appease the offended Powers.  
The virgin saw them coming ; soon she heard  
A croud's tumultuous outcries and turned pale ;  
But paler was Coresus who presaged  
The impending evil ; paler when he heard  
Curses and (painfuller) immodest speech.  
He hastened to withdraw her ; but aloud  
Palæmon cried,

“ Stay here ! stay here thou too  
O wretched girl ! and take the words I bring,  
The God's own words : no longer shall the throng  
Around thee rise infuriate, nor shall maids  
And matrons turn on thee their dying look  
Or call the torch funereal by thy name.”

Impatient and exultant sprang the youth ;  
Wildly he threw his arms around her neck,  
Then, falling on his knees,

“ Hail thou ” he cried,  
“ Who fillest with thy deity the grove  
Of high Dodona, and with brow serene  
Hast clear'd the troubled sky !

She lives ! she lives !

The source of sorrow to none else than me :  
Neither my dreams nor Bacchus promist this.”  
Palæmon, after solemn silence, spake :

“ Alas ! how sadly do young hopes decieve !  
The sight of future things was granted thee  
In vain : Love lowers his saffron veil, runs off,  
And thro the dimness thou seest only Love.

Forward, ye youths ! since Jupiter ordains,  
And since the son of Semele hath deign'd  
To honor and avenge his chosen priest,  
Lead the peace-offering, the pure victim, forth . .  
Lead forth Callirhoë."

Thro the maiden's veins  
The blood crept cold : she staggered, fell . . upheav'd  
And drag'd away by some strong arm, she reacht  
The temple : consciousness (not soon) return'd  
Thro the loud trappings, on the marble floor,  
Of those who carried incense fresh-alight,  
And the salt sprinklings from the frigid font.

"Take" said Palæmon, trembling as he spake,  
"Take thou this sword, Coresus ! 'tis thy part.  
Often hast thou the avenging Gods invoked,  
And wouldst thou cast aside the vows they grant ?  
Impious ! impossible ! no grace is this  
To thee, but sign to all that in his priest  
Wrong'd and offended is the God he serves,  
Warning to all that vows be wisely vow'd.  
But if among this concourse there stand one  
Who pities so the victim, that for hers  
He yields his life, then shall the pestilence,  
Under Jove's saving son, our Bacchus, cease."

With his veind hand a tear the youth swept off :  
Less mournfully than scornfully said he,

"Listen ! how swift, how still, their steps retreat !  
Now then, Callirhoë ! now my breast is firm ;  
None stand before me : in a father's place  
And in a lover's I will here discharge  
No empty duty."

Cries and groans are heard,

And seen upon the pavement where he stood  
His writhing limbs.

With sudden terror flies  
The croud bewildered, dreading lest a blood  
So sacred should run on and reach their feet.  
The temple and the grove around it moan,  
And other murmurs, other cries, than rose  
So lately, fill the city and the plain.

First flies the rumor that the priest had fallen  
By his own hand ; it gathered force, and soon  
That both were smitten by the wrathful Gods.  
From its own weight is that vast multitude  
Pusht onward, driven back, conglomerated,  
Broken, disperst, like waves on stormy seas.

## CATILLUS AND SALIA.

AGAINST the lintel of Voltumna's fane,  
Which from the Cyminus surveys the lake  
And grove of ancient oaks, Coresus left  
His spear ; his steed stood panting, and afraid  
Sometimes of sight obscure, sometimes of sound  
Strange to him, of wild beast or falling bark  
Blackened by fire, and even of witherd leaves  
Whirld by the wind above his bridle-bit.

“ Voltumna,” cried the youth, “ do not reject  
My vow to Salia ; she despiseth not,  
Nor doth her father, love so pure as mine ;  
But there are oracles which both believe  
Are obstacles against the nuptial torch.  
Goddess ! thou knowest what the Powers above  
Threaten, for from thy fane the threats procede,  
Thine be it all such sorrow to dispell !  
Amphiaräus could, not long ago,  
Have taught me what impended ; with him went  
His art, alas ! he with his car of fire  
Sunk near Ismenos.

Ancient bards have sung  
That the king's house and king himself must fall,  
And that his daughter, when she weds, will bring  
Destruction on them both. Her braver heart  
Sees thro the oracles, at first obscure,  
Nor fears to love me ; should not I abide  
The fate of arms, whatever it may be ?  
I would not they should part us ; I would now  
And ever be with her, altho the Gods  
So will that we must pass the Stygian pool

Or, what is worse, roam thro the stranger's land.  
O Salia! be thou mine a single day,  
Another's never, nor a banisht man's."  
A hollow murmur moves the forest heads,  
The temple gloams, and from the inner shrine  
A voice is heard, "Unhappy daughter! sprung  
Of parent more unhappy, thus forewarnd  
Of coming woe." The voices ceast . . the groves  
Afar resounded when the portal closed.  
Silence more awful followed, thro the sky  
And lofty wood and solitary fane ;  
If any bird winged over, in that bird  
He saw not whence might come an augury  
To solace his torn heart ; among dense shade  
Some there might be ; but over all the lake  
He heard no sound, no swan was visible,  
For shining afar off they floated high,  
Or smooth'd their wings upon the swelling wave.

Now he thro shady fields of trelliced vine  
Waving o'er-head, and thin-leaved olives hied.  
Twas evening ; on the earth he threw himself,  
Hoping some dream might waft away his dread.  
Sharp was the radiance of the stars above,  
And all the sky seemd moving in a course  
It never yet had moved in ; what he heard  
Beneath the roof of Anius, and within  
The temple of Voltumna, now returnd,  
And what seemd there so difficult, he felt  
Plain to expound and easy to achieve.

The daughter and the father he resolves  
To save forthwith ; he snatches up the rein,  
Leaps on his charger, and ere breaks the dawn

Reaches the city-gate : few sentries stood  
Before or near it, long enjoying peace.  
Well might the troop have known their youthful  
friend,

Broad-chested, of high brow, of lustrous eye,  
Familiar speech, large heart and liberal hand,  
And prompt on horse or foot with Argive spear.  
Fast went he to the mansion of the king.  
Beneath the gateway Periphas he meets,  
Seizes his hand, "I haste to Salia,"  
Cries he, "Voltumna threatens mortal woe,  
Woe which her father never can avert.  
Piety may be blind, love open-eyed  
Is ever on the watch : I bring with me  
The Goddesses own words, words now confirmed  
By surest omens, even by my dreams."

Unhappy Salia had already past.  
She early every morning sacrificed  
To Dian in the little fane anear  
The city-gate : the hero's threatening steed  
Neighd, and the palace-archway sounded loud  
From frequent tramps of his impatient hoof.  
It was the hour when each expiring lamp  
Crackled beneath, now showing, hiding now,  
The chain it hung by ; when the hind prepared  
To throw upon the slowly rising ox  
His wooden collar, slow himself, morose  
With broken sleep ; along the lower sky  
Reddened a long thin line of light that showd  
But indistinctly the divided fields.  
Catillus meets his Salia, "Fly," cries he,  
"Fly while tis possible ; the Gods have given



Sure omens ; now distrust them never more.”  
He lifts her, ere she answers, on the steed,  
Leaps on it after, spurs with rapid heel  
The flank, and off they fly. “Now tremble not,  
My Salia, there was room and time for fear  
When flight was difficult and hope unsure.  
Dian, to bless thy pious vow, had given  
What now Voltumna gives ; fallacious dream  
Came never from her fane. Feel, Salia, feel  
How quiet, without snort and without shy,  
Moves under us the generous beast we ride !  
Is then my arm too tight around thy waist ?  
I will relax this bondage . . and stil sigh !  
Weary thou must be ; we will here dismount  
And leave behind us the brave beast to rest  
Under the roof-tree of that cottage near,  
We will reward him for his oaten bread,  
And for the skiff he idly lies along.”

Large was the recompence ; the pair imbarkt ;  
The hind stood wondering, “*Are they then some  
Gods ?*”

Muttered he to himself.

The little sail  
Catillus hoisted, hoisted leisurely,  
That he might turn it whatsoever breeze  
Haply should rise, but more that he might sit  
On the same thwart, and near enough to screen  
The face of Salia from the level sun,  
And any gazers from the banks they pass.  
Catillus listened ; and whatever voice  
Came to his ear, he shuddered at, but most  
Dreaded lest Fescennine loose song reach hers.

Cautious he was of meeting the approach  
Of the Volsinians; he would then avoid  
The flowery fields that Farfar's rills refresh,  
And those too where, when Sirius flames above,  
Himella guides her little stream away.  
Therefor he wisely wore a coarse attire,  
Unrecognized, and seem'd a stranger hind  
Returning to his kin at even-tide.  
His crest and spear beneath dense rushes lay.  
Long was the way by land, by water long,  
Nor would he, if he could, say what remaind  
To travel yet. "Thou seest with how mild light  
Hesper advances, oscillating now  
Alone upon the water; look up; how befriends us  
The pale and tender sky; earth, water, heaven,  
Conspire to help us." Sleepless, nor inclined  
To slumber, both form dreams: supreme the bliss  
Soon to be theirs, if but one touch inflames  
Each thrilling fiber with such high delight.

Never be wise, ye youths; be credulous;  
Happiness rests upon credulity.  
Why should I, were it possible, relate  
In what discourses hour succeeded hour,  
How calm the woods, how rich the cultured fields,  
Or in how many places they could spend  
Their lives most willingly, or why recount  
The girlish fears when any sudden swell  
A hands-breadth high rose up against the skiff,  
Or lower bough and slender toucht her cheek?  
Catillus too was not without his fears;  
Whether some silent woman crept along  
The river side, expecting the return

Of tardy husband, or burst suddenly  
The light from cottage near, or fisherman  
Crownd the black corks along his net with flames.  
All night their watery way do they pursue.  
At dawn Catillus willingly was borne  
On where the stream grew lighter ; to the right  
He left those seven hills, of name unknown,  
Where dwelt Evander : upon one had stood  
A fortress built by Saturn, opposite  
Had Janus rais'd one ; both were now decayed ;  
Catillus wondered how such mighty piles  
Could ever perish. He had soon arrived  
Upon the borders of his native home.  
He took the maiden's hand ; he prest her chin,  
Raising it up to cheer her, and he said,  
"Tis lawful now to visit those abrupt  
And shattered rocks, that headlong stream, that cave  
Resounding with the voices of the Nymphs :  
Here is thy domicile, thy country here,  
And here the last of all thy cares shall rest.  
Preserv'd by thee thy sire, thy faith preserv'd,  
Anius will not regret that thou hast shown  
Obedience to the Gods, and given to him  
A son who will not shame him by the choice.  
Think, who will envy us our rural life ?  
What savage mortal carry thee away ?  
Thy father's kingdom who will dare invade ?  
We have our own, let every other rest !  
Now peace be with the Sabines.\* May thy sire  
Enjoy it long, unanxious and secure !

\* Plutare reckons as Sabines the Volsinians. The nations of Italy often changed their boundaries.

Instead of realm for dower, instead of gates  
With soldiers for their bars, be thou content  
With the deep wood where never Mars was heard  
Above the Tiber ere he leaps and foams,  
Or doze where under willowy banks obscure  
Pareusius gently winds his gleamy wave.  
Look ! what a distance we have left behind !  
How the fields narrow which we thought so vast !  
How the sun reaches down the city-wall  
Even to the base, and glows with yellower light.”  
Wher at her eyes she raises, but not yet  
To his ; the ancient city she surveys  
Dimly thro tears, “ Live, O my father ! live,  
Be comforted, be happy ! If Voltumna  
Commands it, never let thy love for me  
Obstruct our pious duties : let me live  
Amid the solid darkness of these woods,  
Or see nought else than that mysterious lake \*  
Which other than its own shades wrap in gloom,  
Enough for me if thee I leave at rest.”

Catillus heard the pious wish, and said,  
“ Behold that rest at last by thee secured !  
However might Voltumna have desired  
One so devout and duteous to retain,  
She bade thee go, for she had heard thy prayer.  
Now art thou mine indeed, now lawfully  
And safely love and liberty are ours ;  
No deities oppose us : here is home.”  
He raises up his helm ; it lights the copse  
With splendour ; soon the rural youth come down  
With oxen reeking from laborious plough,  
And war-horse after his long rest from toil.

\* Small islands composed of weeds float upon the lake.

Yet, slower with all these auxiliaries  
The hours moved on than when the oar at eve  
Was thrown upon the thwart, and when the winds  
Had their own will.

Catillus would not land

Near bare and open downs ; he knew a path  
Safer and pleasanter, where soft and cool  
About the hazles rose high grass oer moss.  
“ But, Salia ! one step farther . . let us on,  
And we shall view from that so short ascent  
Our own domains, our Tibur.”

They had reacht

The summit : thence what sees she opposite ?  
Only the wavy willows bend their heads  
Below her, only higher elms oershade  
The darker herbage, and their trailing vines  
Which pat and pat again the passant stream.  
What sees she then, fastening immovably  
Her eyes upon one object ? why so pale ?  
Her father ! at first sight of him her limbs  
Stiffen to stone.

He from across exclaims,

“ Stay thee, O wretched girl ! whom wouldst thou  
fly ? ”

She wrencht her feet from where they stood, and  
flew

Faster at every word, but slower seem'd  
Her flight to her at every step she took.  
Doubtful it was to those upon the walls  
Whether she drew the youth along, his spear  
Holding as now she did in mortal dread,  
Or whether he was guiding, to assure  
Her footsteps ; she was foremost of the two

Where the road was not wide enough for both,  
He where the incumbent rock was hard to climb.  
Indignant Anius watches them mount up,  
Watches them enter thro the city-gate  
Amid loud trumpets and applause as loud.  
He raged not, waild not, but both hands comprest  
His burning brow. How bitter must be grief  
That such sweet scenes one moment fail to lull !  
Fixt stood he just above the cave profound  
Whence flows Pareusius, but the torrent's roar  
He heard not ; saw not the white dust of spray  
Return above it over mead and wood,  
Wherein are many birds that raise the throat,  
Pouring a song inaudible, and more  
That fly the eternal thunder ; for their nests  
Were not built there, nor there their loves inspired.  
Others protect their brood with cowering wing  
Or flit around to bring them food, unscared.

“The world as ever let Injustice rule,  
Let men and Gods look on and little heed,  
Let violence overturn the bust, and spill  
The treasured ashes, yet above the tomb  
Sits holy Grief, and watchful Muse warns off  
Oblivion.

Why, O Powers above ! from lands  
The fairest on the earth, why should complaint  
Rise up from mortal to your blest abode ?  
Why from a father's breast, from Anius ?  
Who offered ever gifts more cheerfully  
Before your altars, or with purer hands ? ”  
Anius smote his breast, and gaspt and groand,

“Piety ! where now find it ! She deserts  
Her parent, conscious as she can but be

Of ills impending : kind, religious, chaste,  
All ever thought her ; so she was to all,  
Alas ! that I alone could not deserve  
To be, as faithless stranger is, beloved !”  
A pause ensued, and then with bitter scorn,

“Now learn I what a daughter’s duty is !  
O partner of my sorrows and my joys,  
Whose sole contention throughout life was which  
Should be the fonder parent of the two,  
If Libitina had prolonged thy days  
How wouldst thou mourn such contest ! I have since  
Assumed thy place : when any little pain  
Befell her, light as may be, could I rest ?  
Could I away from her bedside ?”

He dasht

The tear from off his burning cheek, and cried  
In agony and desperate, “Go then ; sieze  
The nuptial torch, and sing endearing song,  
As once at home ; let down the saffron veil . .  
And be thy child, if child thou have, like thee.  
If other rites thou hast omitted all,  
If without dower, such dower as king should give  
With daughter, if it shames thee not to run  
Hither and thither over foren lands,  
The fault is mine, thy father’s : that one fault  
I now will expiate ; I can yet afford  
One victim.” At these words, there where the rocks  
Protrude above the channel they burst through,  
Headlong he cast himself from crag to crag ;  
And then rose reddened the resurgent spray.  
The deed is unforgotten, and the stream  
Is now calld Anio since that fatal hour.

## ENALLOS AND CYMODAMEIA.

A vision came o'er three young men at once,  
A vision of Apollo : each had heard  
The same command ; each followed it ; all three  
Assembled on one day before the God  
In Lycia, where he gave his oracle.  
Bright shone the morning ; and the birds that build  
Their nests beneath the column-heads of fanes  
And eaves of humbler habitations, dropt  
From under them and wheel'd athwart the sky,  
When, silently and reverently, the youths  
Marcht side by side up the long steps that led  
Toward the awful God who dwelt within.  
Of those three youths fame hath held fast the name  
Of one alone ; nor would that name survive  
Unless Love had sustain'd it, and blown off  
With his impatient breath the mists of time.  
“ Ye come,” the God said mildly, “ of one will  
To people what is desert in the ile  
Of Lemnos : but strong men possess its shores ;  
Nor shall you execute the brave emprize  
Unless, on the third day from going forth,  
To him who rules the waters ye devote  
A virgin, cast into the sea alive.”  
They heard, and lookt in one another's face,  
And then bent piously before the shrine  
With prayer and praises and thanksgiving hymn,  
And, after a short silence, went away,  
Taking each other's hand and swearing truth,  
Then to the ship in which they came, return'd.  
Two of the youths were joyous, one was sad ;



Sad was Enallos ; yet those two by none  
Were loved ; Enallos had already won  
Cymodameia, and the torch was near.  
By night, by day, in company, alone,  
The image of the maiden fill'd his breast  
To the heart's brim. Ah ! therefor did that heart  
So sink within him.

They have sail'd ; they reach  
Their home again. Sires, matrons, maidens, throng  
The plashing port, to watch the gather'd sail,  
And who springs first and farthest upon shore.  
Enallos came the latest from the deck,  
Swift ran the rumour what the God had said,  
And fearful were the maidens, who before  
Had urged the sailing of the youths they loved,  
That they might give their hands, and have their  
homes,  
And nurse their children ; and more thoughts per-  
haps  
Led up to these, and even ran before.  
But they persuaded easily their wooers  
To sail without them, and return again  
When they had seiz'd the virgin on the way.  
Cymodameia dreamt three nights, the three  
Before their fresh departure, that her own  
Enallos had been cast into the deep,  
And she had saved him. She alone embarkt  
Of all the maidens, and unseen by all,  
And hid herself before the break of day  
Among the cloaks and fruits piled high aboard.  
But when the noon was come, and the repast  
Was call'd for, there they found her ; and they call'd

Enallos : when Enallos lookt upon her.  
Forebodings shook him : hopes rais'd *her*, and love  
Warm'd the clear cheek while she wiped off the spray.  
Kindly were all to her and dutiful ;  
And she slept soundly mid the leaves of fig  
And vine, and far as far could be apart.  
Now the third morn had risen, and the day  
Was dark, and gusts of wind and hail and fogs  
Perplext them : land they saw not yet, nor knew  
Where land was lying. Sudden lightnings blazed,  
Thunder-claps rattled round them. The pale crew  
Howl'd for the victim. "Seize her, or we sink."

O maid of Pindus ! I would linger here  
To lave my eyelids at the nearest rill,  
For thou hast made me weep, as oft thou hast,  
Where thou and I, apart from living men,  
And two or three crags higher, sate and sang.  
Ah ! must I, seeing ill my way, proceed ?  
And thy voice too, Cymodameia ! thine  
Comes back upon me, helpless as thyself  
In this extremity. Sad words ! sad words !  
"O save me ! save ! Let me not die so young  
Loving thee so ! let me not cease to see thee ?"  
Thus prayed Cymodameia.

Thus prayed he.

"O God ! who givest light to all the world,  
Take not from me what makes that light most  
blessed !

Grant me, if 'tis forbidden me to save  
This hapless helpless sea-devoted maid,  
To share with her (and bring no curses up  
From outraged Neptune) her appointed fate !"

They wrung her from his knee; they hurl'd her down  
(Clinging in vain at the hard slippery pich)  
Into the whitening wave. But her long hair  
Scarcely had risen up again before  
Another plunge was heard, another form  
Clove the strait line of bubbling foam, direct  
As ringdove after ringdove. Groans from all  
Burst, for the roaring sea ingulph't them both.  
Onward the vessel flew; the skies again  
Shone bright, and thunder roll'd along, not wroth,  
But gently murmuring to the white-wing'd sails.  
Lemnos at close of evening was in sight.  
The shore was won; the fields markt out; and roofs  
Collected the dun wings that seek house-fare;  
And presently the ruddy-bosom'd guest  
Of winter, knew the doors: then infant cries  
Were heard within; and lastly tottering steps  
Pattered along the image-stationed hall.  
Ay, three full years had come and gone again,  
And often, when the flame on windy nights  
Suddenly flicker'd from the mountain-ash  
Piled high, men pusht almost from under them  
The bench on which they talkt about the dead.  
Meanwhile beneficent Apollo saw  
With his bright eyes into the sea's calm depth,  
And there he saw Enallos, there he saw  
Cymodameia. Gravely-gladsome light  
Environed them with its eternal green,  
And many nymphs sate round; one blew aloud  
The spiral shell; one drew bright chords across  
Shell more expansive; tenderly a third  
With cowering lip hung o'er the flute, and stopt

At will its dulcet sob, or waked to joy ;  
A fourth took up the lyre and pincht the strings,  
Invisible by trembling : many rais'd  
Clear voices. Thus they spent their happy hours.  
I know them all ; but all with eyes downcast,  
Conscious of loving, have entreated me  
I would not utter now their names above.  
Behold, among these natives of the sea  
There stands but one young man : how fair ! how  
fond !

Ah ! were he fond to *them* ! It may not be !  
Yet did they tend him morn and eve ; by night  
They also watcht his slumbers : then they heard  
His sighs, nor his alone ; for there were two  
To whom the watch was hateful. In despair  
Upward he rais'd his arms, and thus he prayed,  
“ O Phoebus ! on the higher world alone  
Showerest thou all thy blessings ? Great indeed  
Hath been thy favour to me, great to her ;  
But she pines inly, and calls beautiful  
More than herself the Nymphs she sees around,  
And asks me ‘Are they not more beautiful ?’  
Be all more beautiful, be all more blest,  
But not with me ! Release her from the sight ;  
Restore her to a happier home, and dry  
With thy pure beams, above, her bitter tears ! ”

She saw him in the action of his prayer,  
Troubled, and ran to soothe him. From the ground,  
Ere she had claspt his neck, her feet were borne.  
He caught her robe ; and its white radiance rose  
Rapidly, all day long, through the green sea.  
Enallos loost not from that robe his grasp,

But spann'd one ancle too. The swift ascent  
Had stunn'd them into slumber, sweet, serene,  
Invigorating her, nor letting loose  
The lover's arm below ; albeit at last  
It closed those eyes intensely fixt thereon,  
And stil as fixt in dreaming. Both were cast  
Upon an iland till'd by peaceful men  
And few (no port nor road accessible)  
Fruitful and green as the abode they left,  
And warm with summer, warm with love and song.  
'Tis said that some whom most Apollo loves  
Have seen that iland, guided by his light ;  
And others have gone near it, but a fog  
Rose up between them and the lofty rocks ;  
Yet they relate they saw it quite as well,  
And shepherd-boys and pious hinds believe.

## PAN AND PITYS.

CEASE to complain of what the Fates decree,  
Whether shall Death have carried off or (worse)  
Another, thy heart's treasure : bitter Styx  
Hath overflowed the dales of Arcady,  
And Cares have risen to the realms above.  
By Pan and Boreas was a Dryad wooed,  
Pitys her name, her haunt the grove and wild :  
Boreas she fled from, upon Pan she gazed  
With a sly fondness, yet accusing him  
Of fickle mind ; and this was her reproof.

“Ah why do men, or Gods who ought to see  
More clearly, think that bonds will bind for ever !  
Often have stormy seas borne safely home  
A ship to perish in its port at last ;  
Even they themselves, in other things unchanged,  
Are mutable in love ; even he who rules  
Olympus hath been lighter than his clouds.  
Alas ! uncertain is the lover race,  
All of it ; worst are they who sing the best,  
And thou, Pan, than all.

By what deceit  
Beguiledst thou the Goddess of the night ?  
O wary shepherd of the snow-white flock !  
Ay, thy reeds crackled with thy scorching flames  
And burst with sobs and groans . . the snow-white flock  
Was safe, the love-sick swain kept a sharp look there.  
Wonderest thou such report should reach my ear ?  
And widenest thou thine eyes, half-ready now  
To swear it all away, and to conceal  
The fountain of Selinos. So ! thou knowest

Nothing about that shallow brook, those herbs  
It waves in running, nothing of the stones  
Smooth as the pavement of a temple-floor,  
And how the headstrong leader of the flock  
Broke loose from thy left-hand, and in pursuit  
How falledst thou, and how thy knee was bound  
With ivy lest white hairs betray the gash.  
Denyest thou that by thy own accord  
Cynthia should share thy flock and take her choice?  
Denyest thou damping and sprinkling o'er  
With dust, and shutting up within a cave  
Far out of sight, the better breed? the worse  
Displayed upon the bank below, well washt,  
Their puffy fleeces glittering in the sun.  
Shame! to defraud with gifts, and such as these!"

Pan, blushing thro both ears as ne'er before,  
Cried "Who drag'd back these fables from the past?  
Juster and happier hadst thou been to scorn  
The false and fugitive. With hoarse uproar  
I heard thy Boreas bray his song uncouth,  
And oldest goats ran from it in affright.  
Thee too, beloved Pitys, then I saw  
Averse: couldst ever thou believe his speech,  
His, the most bitter foe to me and mine.  
From Cynthia never fell such hard rebuke.  
Different from thee, she pities them who mourn;  
Whether beneath straw roof or lofty tower,  
She sits by the bedside and silently  
Watches, and soothes the wakeful til they sleep.  
I wooed not Cynthia; me she wooed: not all  
Please her; she hates the rude, she cheers the gay,  
She shrouds her face when Boreas ventures near.

Above all other birds the nightingale  
She loves ; she loves the poplar of the Po  
Trembling and whispering ; she descends among  
The boxtrees on Cytoros ; night by night  
You find her at the olive : it is she  
Who makes the berries of the mountain-ash  
Bright at her touch : the glassy founts, the fanes  
Hoary with age, the sea when Hesper comes  
To Tethys, and when liquid voices rise  
Above the shore . . but Boreas . . no, not she.”  
Then Pitys, with a smile.

“Ha ! what a voice !

My lover Boreas could not roar his name  
More harshly. Come now, cunning lightfoot ! say  
How was it thou couldst take the Goddess in,  
And with a charge so moderate on thy fold ?”

“Again, O Pitys, wouldst thou torture me ?  
Gifts not as lover but as loved I gave ;  
I gave her what she askt : had she askt more  
I would have given it ; 'twas but half the flock :  
Therefor 'twas separated in two parts ;  
The fatter one, of bolder brow, shone out  
In whiteness, but its wool was like goat-hair,  
And loud its bleating for more plenteous grass ;  
Strong too its smell : my Goddess heeded not  
The smell or bleat, but took the weightier fleece.  
Why shakest thou thy head, incredulous ?  
Why should I urge the truth on unbelief ?  
Or why so fondly sue to scorn and hate ?  
Pitys ! a time there was when I was heard  
With one long smile, and when the softest hand  
Stroked down unconsciously the lynx-skin gift



Of Bacchus on my lap, and blushes rose  
If somewhat, by some chance, it was removed.  
In silence or in speech I then could please,  
I then at times could turn my face aside,  
Forgetting that my awkward hand was placed  
Just where thy knees were bending for a seat :  
Then could I at another hour look up  
At the sun's parting ray, and draw the breath  
Of fresher herbs, while clouds took living forms  
Throwing their meshes o'er the azure deep,  
And while thy gaze was on the flight of crows  
Hoarse overhead, winging their beaten way  
At regular and wonted intervals.  
Then, never doubting my sworn love, anew  
Thou badest me swear it : pleasure lay secure  
On its full golden sheaf.

Now, alas, now

What comfort brings me on the barren shore  
Pale oleaster, or gay citisus  
That hides the cavern, or pellucid vein  
Of wandering vine, or broom that once betray'd  
The weak twin fawns ! how could I join the glee  
Of babbling brook, or bear the lull of grove,  
Or mind the dazzling vapor from the grass,  
Unless my Pitys told me, and took up  
The faltering reed or interrupted song ? ”  
Thus he, enclosing with his arm hirsute  
Her neck, and stroking slow her auburn hair.

“ Up with the pipe ” said she “ O Pan ! and since  
It seems so pleasant to recall old times,  
Run over those we both enjoy'd alike,  
And I will sing of Boreas, whom I hate.

He boasts of oaks uprooted by his blast,  
Of heaven itself his hailstones have disturb'd,  
Of thy peculiar heritage afire,  
And how thy loftiest woods bow'd down beneath  
His furious pennons black with bale and dread.  
He boasts of ships submerged, and waves up-piled  
High as Olympus, and the trident torn  
From Jove's own brother : worst of all, he boasts  
How often he deluded with his voice,  
Under the rocks of Ismaros, that true  
And hapless lover when his eyes sought sleep,  
And made his wandering mind believe the sound  
Rose from the Manes at his wife recall'd.  
His pleasure is to drive from lids fresh-closed  
Fond dreams away, and draw false forms about,  
And where he finds one terror to bring more.  
Can such a lover ever be beloved ?”

Boreas heard all : he stood upon the cliff  
Before, now crept he into the near brake ;  
Rage siez'd him ; swinging a huge rock around  
And, shaking with one stamp the mountain-head,  
Hurl'd it . . and cried

“ Is Boreas so contemn'd ? ”

It smote the Dryad, sprinkling with her blood  
The tree they sat beneath : there faithful Pan  
Mused often, often call'd aloud the name  
Of Pitys, and wiped off tear after tear  
From the hoarse pipe, then threw it wildly by,  
And never from that day wore other wreath  
Than off the pine-tree darkened with her gore.

## CUPID AND PAN.

CUPID one day caught Pan asleep, outstretcht :  
He snatcht the goatskin hung about his loins,  
And now and then pluckt at a cross-graind hair  
Bent inward : yet the God, immovable,  
Blew heavy slumbers from his ruddy breast,  
Feeling as any corktree's bark might feel.  
Behind his neck was laid his favorite pipe,  
But this with furtive touch the boy withdrew,  
Not quite insensibly, for one sharp ear  
Quivered a little.

Cupid now waxt wroth,  
Exclaiming, "Zeus above! was ever God  
So dull as this? even thy own wife would fail  
To rouse him."

Then he clapt the sevenfold reeds  
To his own rosy lip and blew them shrill.  
Both ears were now rais'd up, and up sprang he,  
The God of Arcady, and shook the ground ;  
But high above it sprang the lighter God,  
Laughing his threats to scorn.

"Down with that bow,  
Wicked young wretch! down with those arrows!"  
cried

The indignant eld, "then see what thou canst do."

"What I can do, Pan, thou shalt also see."

Thus spake he ; and the bow lept from the sod  
With golden ring, and the young herbs embraced  
The quiver.

"What! contend with thee! 'twere  
shame . .

“Scoff on,” said Cupid ; “when thy wrath subsides,  
Even to be vanquisht will excite no blush.  
Come, shamefaced ! strike away ; thy foe awaits.”  
The blusterer roll’d his yellow eyes, then caught  
(As ’twere a bird he caught at, a rare bird  
Whose pretty plumage he would grieve to hurt)  
At the slim boy who taunted him too long.  
’Tis said the color now first left the face  
Of the cow’d child ; as when amid a game  
Of quoit or hoop suddenly falls the snow,  
And that he trembled, fain almost to fly.

“Go, child !” said the grave Arcad : “learn to fear  
Thy elders ; and from far : check yet awhile  
Ferocious beauty. Thou, who challengest  
The peaceful, hast seen scarcely thrice-five years.  
Off ! or beware a touch of willow-twigg.”

Cupid, ashamed and angered, springing up,  
Struck where the goatskin covered ill the breast ;  
Swift as an eagle or the bolt he bears  
The Arcad, quick of sight, perceived the aim  
And caught the hand, which burnt like purest fire  
Upon the altar : Pan drew back his own  
Extended palm, and blew from rounder cheek  
A long cold whiff, and then again advanced,  
Trembling to intertwine his hairy shank  
With that soft thigh and trip him up, nor ceast  
To press the yielding marble from above.  
He grew less anxious to conclude the fight  
Or win it ; but false glory urged him on.  
Cupid, now faint and desperate, siez’d one horn ;  
Pan swung him up aloft ; but artifice  
Fail’d not the boy ; nay, where the Arcad cried

*Conquered at last*, and ran both hands about  
 The dainty limbs, pluckt out from the left wing  
 Its stiffest feather, and smote both his eyes.  
 Then loud the rivers and the lakes afar  
 Resounded, and the vallies and the groves ;  
 Then Ladon with a start and shudder broke  
 That marsh which had for ages crost his course ;  
 Alpheios and Spercheios heard the shout  
 Of Mænalos ; Cyllenè, Pholoë,  
 Parthenos, Tegea, and Lycaios, calld  
 Responsively, nor knew they yet the cause.  
 'Tis said the winged steed sprang from the highths  
 Of his Parnassus and ran down amid  
 The murky marshes, his proud spirit gone,  
 And there abided he, nor once drave back  
 Castalia's ripples with his neigh and mane.

“Hail, conqueror !” Cupid cried.

In lower tone

The Arcad,

“Never shall my eyes behold  
 My woodland realms ! never the ice afloat  
 Under the Zephyrs, and whirld round and round,  
 Or the foam sparkling dasht upon the ford ;  
 Never the pebbles black and white below,  
 Smoothen'd and rounded by assiduous plash,  
 Nor silvery cloud expanded overhead,  
 Nor Hesper, come to listen to my song.  
 Ah ! for the blind there is one spot alone  
 Upon the earth, and there alone stand I.  
 I did not challenge ; should I sue ? suffice  
 Thy victory !”

He held forth his hand, nor knew

Whether he held it strait before the boy,  
While from both cheeks fell tears : compassionate  
Was Cupid.

“ Soon ” said he “ a remedy  
Shall be provided.”

Soon were gathered flowers,  
Nor long ere platted.

“ I bestow them all ”  
Said he “ on one condition : that thou wear  
These, and these only, til I take them off.”  
The first was amaranth ; too brittle that,  
It broke ere well applied ; then roses white,  
White were all roses in these early days,  
Narcissus, violet, open-hearted lily,  
And smaller ones, no higher than the grass,  
Slender and drooping they, yet fresh and fair ;  
A spray of myrtle held together these.  
But when they toucht his eye he stampd and yell’d  
And laid wide-open his sharp teeth until  
The quivering nostril felt the upper lip.

Soon slept he better mid the strawberries,  
And more and more he thought of Hamadryads,  
Recalling all their names, and linking them  
In easy verse, and fancying it was time  
To take a little care of form and face :  
The goatskin for the fawnskin he exchanged  
And stroked complacently the smoother pelt,  
And trim’d and drew the ivy round his waist . .  
It must not be too full . . too scant were worse . .  
Lastly he doft the bandage from the brow.  
Then was renew’d the series of his woes,  
And forced was he to implore again the help

Of his proud conqueror, at the Paphian fane.  
There found he Venus in the porch itself.

“So! ’twas thy pleasure” said she “to remove  
The flowers we gave thee. No slight chastisement  
For this! It was thy duty and thy vow  
To wear them til the hands that laid them on  
Releas thee from them.

“Goat-foot! he who scorns  
Our gifts, scorns never with impunity:  
Round that horn’d brow, to ake again ere long,  
A wreath less soft and fragrant shalt thou wear.”

## PRAYER OF THE BEES TO ALCIPHRON.

THERE was a spinner in the days of old,  
So proud, so bold,  
She thought it neither shame nor sin  
To challenge Pallas to come down and spin.  
The goddess won, and forced the crone to hide her  
Ugly old head and shrink into a spider.

The bees were frighten'd, for they knew  
Within their prudent breasts that few  
Had so much skill as they ;  
And she who gave the olive might  
Be angry, if they show'd that light  
As pure and bright  
Could shine on mortals any other way.

So not a syllable said they of wax,  
But cover'd it with honey, lest a tax  
Be laid upon it by the Powers above.  
Another goddess, no less mighty  
Than Pallas, men call Aphroditè,  
The queen of love.

Honey she likes and all things sweet,  
And, when she came among the swarms,  
They said, " O thou whence love hath all its charms!  
Grant him who saved us what we now entreat.  
'Tis one whom we  
Are used to see  
Among our thyme and ivy-flowers  
Throughout the matin and the vesper hours,



Fonder of silence than of talk ;

Yet him we heard one morning say :

‘ Gardener ! do not sweep away

The citron blossoms from the gravel-walk :

It might disturb or wound my bees ;

So lay aside that besom, if you please.’

He for whose weal we supplicate is one

Thou haply may’st remember, Alciphron.

We know that Pallas has lookt down

Sometimes on him without a frown,

Yet must confess we’re less afraid

Of you than that Hymettian maid.

Give him, O goddess, we implore,

Not honey (we can that) but more.

We are poor bees, and can not tell

If there be aught he loves as well ;

But we do think we heard him say

There is, and something in your way.

Our stories tell us, when your pretty child

Who drives (they say) so many mortals wild,

Vext one of our great-aunts until she stung ;

Away he flew, and wrung,

Stamping, his five loose fingers at the smart,

You chided him, and took our part.

May the cross Year, fresh-wakened, blow sharp dust

Into their eyes who say thou art unjust.”

## EUROPA AND HER MOTHER.

MOTHER.

DAUGHTER! why roamest thou again so late  
Along the damp and solitary shore?

EUROPA.

I know not. I am tired of distaf, woof,  
Everything.

MOTHER.

Yet thou culledst flowers all morn,  
And idledst in the woods, mocking shrill birds,  
Or clapping hands at limping hares, who stamp  
Angrily, and scour'd off.

EUROPA.

I am grown tired  
Of hares and birds. O mother! had you seen  
That lovely creature! It was not a cow,  
And, if it was an ox,\* it was unlike  
My father's oxen with the hair rubb'd off  
Their necks.

MOTHER.

A cow it was.

EUROPA.

Cow it might be . .  
And yet . . and yet . . I saw no calf, no font

\* Bulls are never at large in those countries; Europa could not have seen one.

Of milk : I wish I had ; how pleasant 'twere  
To draw it and to drink !

MOTHER.

Europa ! child !

Have we no maiden for such offices ?  
No whistling boy ? Kings' daughters may cull flowers,  
To place them on the altar of the Gods  
And wear them at their festivals. Who knows  
But some one of these very Gods may deign  
To woo thee ? maidens they have wooed less fair.

EUROPA.

The Gods are very gracious : some of them  
Not very constant.

MOTHER.

Hush !

EUROPA.

Nay, Zeus himself

Hath wandered, and deluded more than one.

MOTHER.

Fables ! profanest fables !

EUROPA.

Let us hope so.

But I should be afraid of him, and run  
As lapwings do when we approach the nest.

MOTHER.

None can escape the Gods when they pursue.

EUROPA.

They know my mind, and will not follow me.

MOTHER.

Consider : some are stars whom they have loved,  
Others, the very least of them, are flowers.

EUROPA.

I would not be a star in winter nights,  
In summer days I would not be a flower ;  
Flowers seldom live thro' half their time, torn off,  
Twirl'd round, and indolently cast aside.  
Now, mother, can you tell me what became  
Of those who were no flowers, but bent their heads  
As pliantly as flowers do ?

MOTHER.

They are gone  
To Hades.

EUROPA.

And left there by Gods they loved  
And were beloved by ! Be not such my doom !  
Cruel are men, but crueler are Gods.

MOTHER.

Peace ! peace ! Some royal, some heroic, youth  
May ask thy father for thy dower and thee.

EUROPA.

I know not any such, if such there live ;

Royal there may be, but heroic . . where ?  
O mother ! look ! look ! look !

MOTHER.

Thou turnest pale ;  
What ails thee ?

EUROPA.

Who in all the house hath dared  
To winde those garlands round that grand white  
brow ?  
So mild, so loving ! Mother ! let me run  
And tear them off him : let me gather more  
And sweeter.

MOTHER.

Truly 'tis a noble beast.  
See ! he comes forward ! see, he rips them off,  
Himself !

EUROPA.

He should not wear them if he would.  
Stay there, thou noble creature ! Woe is me !  
There are but sandrose, tyme, and snapdragon  
Along the shore as far as I can see.  
O mother ! help me on his back ; he licks  
My foot. Ah ! what sweet breath ! Now on his side  
He lies on purpose for it. Help me up.

MOTHER.

Well, child ! Indeed he is gentle. Gods above !

He takes the water ! Hold him tight, Europa !  
'Tis well that thou canst swim.

Leap off, mad girl !

She laughs ! He lows so loud she hears not me . .

But she looks sadder, or my sight is dim . .

Against his nostril fondly hangs her hand

While his eye glistens over it, fondly too.

It will be night, dark night, ere she returns.

And that new scarf ! the spray will ruin it !

## GEBIR.

GEBIR, at Egypt's youthful queen's approach,  
Laid by his orb'd shield; his vizor-helm,  
His buckler and his corset he laid by,  
And bade that none attend him: at his side  
Two faithful dogs that urge the silent course,  
Shaggy, deep-chested, croucht; the crocodile,  
Crying, oft made them raise their flaccid ears  
And push their heads within their master's hand.  
There was a brightening paleness in his face,  
Such as Diana rising o'er the rocks  
Shower'd on the lonely Latmian; on his brow  
Sorrow there was, yet nought was there severe.  
But when the royal damsel first he saw,  
Faint, hanging on her handmaid, and her knees  
Tottering, as from the motion of the car,  
His eyes lookt earnest on her, and those eyes  
Show'd, if they had not, that they might have, lov'd,  
For there was pity in them at that hour.  
With gentle speech, and more with gentle looks,  
He sooth'd her; but lest Pity go beyond  
And crost Ambition lose her lofty aim,  
Bending, he kist her garment, and retired.  
He went, nor slumber'd in the sultry noon,  
When viands, couches, generous wines, persuade,  
And slumber most refreshes; nor at night,  
When heavy dews are laden with disease;  
And blindness waits not there for lingering age.  
Ere morning dawn'd behind him, he arriv'd  
At those rich meadows where young Tamar fed

The royal flocks entrusted to his care.

“Now,” said he to himself, “will I repose  
At least this burthen on a brother’s breast.”

His brother stood before him: he, amazed,  
Rear’d suddenly his head, and thus began.

“Is it thou, brother! Tamar, is it thou!

Why, standing on the valley’s utmost verge,

Lookest thou on that dull and dreary shore

Where beyond sight Nile blackens all the sand?

And why that sadness? When I past our sheep

The dew-drops were not shaken off the bar,

Therefore if one be wanting, ’tis untold.”

“Yes, one is wanting, nor is that untold,”

Said Tamar; “and this dull and dreary shore

Is neither dull nor dreary at all hours.”

Whereon the tear stole silent down his cheek,

Silent, but not by Gebir unobserv’d:

Wondering he gazed awhile, and pitying spake.

“Let me approach thee; does the morning light

Scatter this wan suffusion o’er thy brow,

This faint blue lustre under both thine eyes?”

“O brother, is this pity or reproach?”

Cried Tamar, “cruel if it be reproach,

If pity, O how vain!” “Whate’er it be

That grieves thee, I will pity, thou but speak,

And I can tell thee, Tamar, pang for pang.”

“Gebir! then more than brothers are we now!

Everything (take my hand) will I confess.

I neither feed the flock nor watch the fold;

How can I, lost in love? But, Gebir, why

That anger which has risen to your cheek?

Can other men? could you? what, no reply!



And stil more anger, and stil worse conceal'd!  
Are these your promises? your pity this?"

"Tamar, I well may pity what I feel . .  
Mark me aright . . I feel for thee . . proceed . .  
Relate me all." "Then will I all relate,"  
Said the young shepherd, gladden'd from his heart.  
"Twas evening, though not sunset, and the tide  
Level with these green meadows, seem'd yet higher:  
'Twas pleasant; and I loosen'd from my neck  
The pipe you gave me, and began to play.  
O that I ne'er had learnt the tuneful art!  
It always brings us enemies or love.  
Well, I was playing, when above the waves  
Some swimmer's head methought I saw ascend;  
I, sitting stil, survey'd it, with my pipe  
Awkwardly held before my lips half-closed,  
Gebir! it was a Nymph! a Nymph divine!  
I can not wait describing how she came,  
How I was sitting, how she first assum'd  
The sailor; of what happen'd there remains  
Enough to say, and too much to forget.  
The sweet deceiver stept upon this bank  
Before I was aware; for with surprise  
Moments fly rapid as with love itself.  
Stooping to tune afresh the hoarsen'd reed,  
I heard a rustling, and where that arose  
My glance first lighted on her nimble feet.  
Her feet resembled those long shells explored  
By him who to befriend his steed's dim sight  
Would blow the pungent powder in the eye.  
Her eyes too! O immortal Gods! her eyes  
Resembled . . what could they resemble? what.

Ever resemble those? Even her attire  
Was not of wonted woof nor vulgar art:  
Her mantle show'd the yellow samphire-pod,  
Her girdle the dove-colour'd wave serene.  
'Shepherd,' said she, 'and will you wrestle now,  
And with the sailor's hardier race engage?'  
I was rejoiced to hear it, and contrived  
How to keep up contention: could I fail  
By pressing not too strongly, yet to press?  
'Whether a shepherd, as indeed you seem,  
Or whether of the hardier race you boast,  
I am not daunted; no; I will engage.'  
'But first,' said she, 'what wager will you lay?'  
'A sheep,' I answered: 'add whate'er you will.'  
'I can not,' she replied, 'make that return:  
Our hidèd vessels in their pitchy round  
Seldom, unless from rapine, hold a sheep.  
But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue\*  
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed  
In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked  
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:  
Shake one and it awakens, then apply  
Its polisht lips to your attentive ear,  
And it remembers its august abodes,  
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.  
And I have others given me by the nymphs,  
Of sweeter sound than any pipe you have;  
But we, by Neptune! for no pipe contend,

\* W. Wordsworth borrowed this shell, and filled it to overflowing for the refreshment of the wayfarers in his "Excursion." The Lord of a Manor may wink at small encroachments on the common, but the steward must note them in his book.

This time a sheep I win, a pipe the next.'  
Now came she forward eager to engage,  
But first her dress, her bosom then survey'd,  
And heav'd it, doubting if she could deceive.  
Her bosom seem'd, inclos'd in haze like heav'n,  
To baffle touch, and rose forth undefined:  
Above her knee she drew the robe succinct,  
Above her breast, and just below her arms.  
'This will preserve my breath when tightly bound,  
If struggle and equal strength should so constrain.'  
Thus, pulling hard to fasten it, she spake,  
And, rushing at me, closed: I thrill'd throughout  
And seem'd to lessen and shrink up with cold.  
Again with violent impulse gusht my blood,  
And hearing nought external, thus absorb'd,  
I heard it, rushing through each turbid vein,  
Shake my unsteady swimming sight in air.  
Yet with unyielding though uncertain arms  
I clung around her neck; the vest beneath  
Rustled against our slippery limbs entwined:  
Often mine springing with eluded force  
Started aside and trembled til replaced:  
And when I most succeeded, as I thought,  
My bosom and my throat felt so comprest  
That life was almost quivering on my lips,  
Yet nothing was there painful: these are signs  
Of secret arts and not of human might;  
What arts I can not tell; I only know  
My eyes grew dizzy and my strength decay'd;  
I was indeed o'ercome . . with what regret,  
And more, with what confusion, when I reacht  
The fold, and yielding up the sheep, she cried,

‘This pays a shepherd to a conquering maid.’  
She smiled, and more of pleasure than disdain  
Was in her dimpled chin and liberal lip,  
And eyes that languisht, lengthening, just like love.  
She went away; I on the wicker gate  
Leant, and could follow with my eyes alone.  
The sheep she carried easy as a cloak;  
But when I heard its bleating, as I did,  
And saw, she hastening on, its hinder feet  
Struggle, and from her snowy shoulder slip,  
One shoulder its poor efforts had unveil’d,  
Then all my passions mingling fell in tears;  
Restless then ran I to the highest ground  
To watch her; she was gone; gone down the tide;  
And the long moon-beam on the hard wet sand  
Lay like a jasper column half up-rear’d.”

“But, Tamar! tell me, will she not return?”

“She will return, yet not before the moon  
Again is at the full: she promist this,  
Tho’ when she promist I could not reply.”

“By all the Gods I pity thee! go on,  
Fear not my anger, look not on my shame,  
For when a lover only hears of love  
He finds his folly out, and is ashamed.  
Away with watchful nights and lonely days,  
Contempt of earth and aspect up to heaven,  
With contemplation, with humility,  
A tatter’d cloak that pride wears when deform’d,  
Away with all that hides me from myself,  
Parts me from others, whispers I am wise:  
From our own wisdom less is to be reapt  
Than from the barest folly of our friend.

Tamar! thy pastures, large and rich, afford  
Flowers to thy bees and herbage to thy sheep,  
But, batten'd on too much, the poorest croft  
Of thy poor neighbour yields what thine denies."

They hasten'd to the camp, and Gebir there  
Resolved his native country to forego,  
And order'd from those ruins to the right  
They forthwith raise a city. Tamar heard  
With wonder, tho' in passing 'twas half-told,  
His brother's love, and sigh'd upon his own.

## THE DEATH OF ARTEMIDORA.

“ARTEMIDORA ! Gods invisible,  
While thou art lying faint along the couch,  
Have tied the sandal to thy slender feet  
And stand beside thee, ready to convey  
Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.  
Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness  
Away, and voices like thy own come near  
And nearer, and solicit an embrace.”

Artemidora sigh'd, and would have prest  
The hand now pressing hers, but was too weak.  
Iris stood over her dark hair unseen  
While thus Elpenor spake. He lookt into  
Eyes that had given light and life erewhile  
To those above them, but now dim with tears  
And wakefulness. Again he spake of joy  
Eternal. At that word, that sad word, *joy*,  
Faithful and fond her bosom heav'd once more :  
Her head fell back : and now a loud deep sob  
Swell'd thro' the darken'd chamber ; 'twas not hers.

## CHRYSAOR.

COME, I beseech ye, Muses! who, retired  
Deep in the shady glens by Helicon,  
Yet know the realms of Ocean, know the laws  
Of his wide empire, and throughout his court  
Know every Nymph, and call them each by name;  
Who from your sacred mountain see afar  
O'er earth and heaven, and hear and memorise  
The crimes of men and counsels of the Gods;  
Sing of those crimes and of those counsels, sing  
Of Gades sever'd from the fruitful main,  
And what befell, and from what mighty hand,  
Chrysaor, wielder of the golden sword.  
'Twas when the high Olympus shook with fear,  
Lest all his temples, all his groves, be crusht  
By Pelion piled on Ossa: but the sire  
Of mortals and immortals waved his arm  
Around, and all below was wild dismay:  
Again; 'twas agony: again; 'twas peace.  
Chrysaor stil in Gades tarrying,  
Hurl'd into ether, tinging, as it flew,  
With sudden fire the clouds round Saturn's throne,  
No pine surrendered by retreating Pan,  
Nor ash, nor poplar pale: but swoln with pride  
Stood towering from the citadel; his spear  
One hand was rested on, and one with rage  
Shut hard, and firmly fixt against his side;  
His frowning visage, flusht with insolence,  
Rais'd up oblique to heaven. "O thou," he cried,  
"Whom nations kneel to, not whom nations know,  
Hear me, and answer, if indeed thou canst,

The last appeal I deign thee or allow.  
Tell me, and quickly, why should I adore,  
Adored myself by millions? why invoke,  
Invoked with all thy attributes? Men wrong  
By their prostrations, prayers, and sacrifice,  
Either the Gods, their rulers, or themselves:  
But flame and thunder fright them from the Gods;  
*Themselves* they can not, dare not, they are ours;  
*Us*, dare they, can they, *us?* But triumph, Jove!  
Man for one moment hath engaged his lord,  
Henceforth let merchants value him, not kings.  
No! lower thy scepter, and hear Atrobal,  
And judge aright to whom men sacrifice.  
'My children,' said the sage and pious priest,  
'Mark there the altar! though the fumes aspire  
Twelve cubits ere a nostril they regale,  
'Tis myrrh for Titans, 'tis but air for Gods.'  
Time changes, Nature changes, I am changed!  
Fronting the furious lustre of the sun,  
I yielded to his piercing swift-shot beams  
Only when quite meridian, then abased  
These orbits to the ground, and there survey'd  
My shadow: strange and horrid to relate!  
My very shadow almost disappear'd!  
Restore it, or by earth and hell I swear  
With blood enough will I refascinate  
The cursed incantation: thou restore,  
And largely; or my brethren, all combined,  
Shall rouse thee from thy lethargies, and drive  
Far from thy cloud-soft pillow, minion-prest,  
Those leering lassitudes that follow Love."



The smile of disappointment and disdain  
Sat sallow on his pausing lip half-closed ;  
But, neither headlong importunity  
Nor gibing threat of reed-propt insolence  
Let loose the blast of vengeance : heaven shone bright,  
And proud Chrysaor spurn'd the prostrate land.  
But the triumphant Thunderer, now mankind  
(Criminal mostly for enduring crimes)  
Provoked his indignation, thus besought  
His trident-sceptered brother, triton-borne.  
“ O Neptune ! cease henceforward to repine.  
They are not cruel, no ; the Destinies  
Intent upon their loom, unoccupied  
With aught beyond its moody murmuring sound,  
Will neither see thee weep nor hear thee sigh :  
And wherefore weep, O Neptune, wherefore sigh !  
Ambition ? 'tis unworthy of a God,  
Unworthy of a brother ! I am Jove,  
Thou Neptune : happier in uncitied realms,  
In coral hall or grotto samphire-ceil'd,  
Amid the song of Nymphs and ring of shells  
Thou smoothest at thy will the pliant wave  
Or liftest it to heaven. I also can  
Whatever best beseems me, nor for aid  
Unless I loved thee, Neptune, would I call.  
Though absent, thou hast heard and hast beheld  
The profanation of that monstrous race,  
That race of earth-born giants ; one survives ;  
The rapid-footed Rhodan mountain-rear'd  
Beheld the rest defeated ; stil remain  
Scatter'd throughout interminable fields,  
Sandy and sultry, and each hopeless path

Choakt up with crawling briars and bristling thorns,  
The flinty trophies of their foul disgrace.  
Chrysaor, wielder of the golden sword,  
Stil hails as brethren men of stouter heart,  
But, wise confederate, shuns Phlegræan fields.  
No warrior he, yet who so fond of war,  
Unfeeling, scarce ferocious; flattery's dupe,  
He fancies that the Gods themselves are his;  
Impious, but most in prayer. Now re-assert  
Thy friendship, raise thy trident, strike the rock,  
Sever him from mankind." Then thus replied  
The Nymph-surrounded monarch of the main.

"Empire bemoan I not, however shared,  
Nor Fortune frail, nor stubborn Fate, accuse:  
No! mortals I bemoan! when Avarice,  
Ploughing these fruitless furrows, shall awake  
The basking Demons and the dormant Crimes,  
Horrible, strong, resistless, and transform  
Meekness to Madness, Patience to Despair.  
What is Ambition? what but Avarice?  
But Avarice in richer guise array'd,  
Stalking erect, loud-spoken, lion-mien'd,  
Her brow uncrost by care, but deeply markt,  
And darting downward 'twixt her eyes hard-lasht  
The wrinkle of command. Could ever I  
So foul a fiend, so fondly too, caress?  
Judge me not harshly, judge me by my deeds."

Though seated then on Afric's further coast,  
Yet sudden at his voice, so long unheard,  
(For he had grieved and treasured up his grief)  
With short kind greeting meet from every side

The Triton herds, and warm with melody  
The azure concave of their curling shells.  
Swift as an arrow, as the wind, as light,  
He glided through the deep, and now arrived,  
Lept from his pearly beryl-studded car.  
Earth trembled: the retreating tide, black-brow'd,  
Gather'd new strength, and rushing on, assail'd  
The promontory's base: but when the God  
Himself, resistless Neptune, struck one blow,  
Rent were the rocks asunder, and the sky  
Was darken'd with their fragments ere they fell.  
Lygeia vocal, Zantho yellow-hair'd,  
Spio with sparkling eyes, and Beröe  
Demure, and sweet Ione, youngest-born,  
Of mortal race, but grown divine by song.  
Had he seen playing round her placid neck  
The sunny circles, braidless and unbound,  
O! who had call'd them boders of a storm!  
These, and the many sister Nereids,  
Forgetful of their lays and of their loves,  
All unsuspecting of the dread intent,  
Stop suddenly their gambols, and with shrieks  
Of terror plunge amid the closing wave;  
Yet, just above, one moment more appear  
Their darken'd tresses floating in the foam.  
Thrown prostrate on the earth, the Sacrilege  
Rais'd up his head astounded, and accurst  
The stars, the destinies, the gods; his breast  
Panted from consternation and dismay,  
And pride untoward on himself o'erthrown.  
From his distended nostrils issued gore  
At intervals, with which his wiry locks,

Huge arms, and bulky bosom, shone beslimed:  
And thrice he call'd his brethren, with a voice  
More dismal than the blasts from Phlegethon  
Below, that urge along ten thousand ghosts  
Wafted loud-wailing o'er the fiery tide.  
But answer heard he none: the men of might  
Who gather'd round him formerly, the men  
Whom frozen at a frown, a smile revived,  
Were far: enormous mountains interposed,  
Nor ever had the veil-hung pine out-spread  
O'er Tethys then her wandering leafless shade:  
Nor could he longer under winter stars  
Suspend the watery journey, nor repose  
Whole nights on Ocean's billowy restless bed;  
No longer, bulging through the tempest, rose  
That bulky bosom; nor those oarlike hands,  
Trusted ere mortal's keenest ken conceived  
The bluest shore, threw back opposing tides.  
Shrunk mid brutal hair his violent veins  
Subsided, yet were hideous to behold  
As dragons panting in the noontide brake.  
At last, absorbing deep the breath of heaven,  
And stifling all within his deadly grasp,  
Struggling and tearing up the glebe to turn,  
And from a throat that, as it throb'd and rose,  
Seem'd shaking ponderous links of dusky iron,  
Uttering one anguish-forced indignant groan,  
Fired with infernal rage, the spirit flew.

Nations of fair Hesperia! lo, o'erthrown  
Your peace-embracing war-inciting king!  
Ah! thrice twelve years and longer ye endured,  
Without one effort to rise higher, one hope

That heaven would wing the secret shaft aright,  
The abomination: hence 'twas Jove's command  
That many hundred, many thousand more,  
Freed from one despot, yet from one unfreed,  
Ye crouch unblest at Superstition's feet.  
Her hath he sent among ye; her the pest  
Of men below and curse of Gods above:  
Hers are the last, worst tortures they inflict  
On all who bend to any king but them.  
Born of Sicanus in the vast abyss  
Where never light descended, she survived  
Her parent; he omnipotence defied,  
But thunderstruck fell headlong from the clouds;  
She, though the radiant ether overpower'd  
Her eyes, accusom'd to the gloom of night,  
And quencht their lurid orbs, Religion's helm  
Assuming, vibrated her Stygian torch,  
Til thou, Astræa! though behind the sire's  
Broad egis, trembledst on thy heavenly throne.

## LYSANDER, ALCANOR, AND PHANÖE.

LYSANDER.

ART thou grown hoarse by sitting in the sun  
Of early spring, when winds come down adrift  
To punish them they find asleep at noon?

ALCANOR.

Hoarse I am not, but I am tired of song,  
Therefore do I retire, where, without pipe,  
The goat-foot God brought all the nymphs to sit  
Half-way up Mænalos. If she I love  
Will follow me, I swear to thee by him,  
Bitter to those who slight him or forswear,  
Thou shalt hear something sweet, do thou but stay.

LYSANDER.

Lysander well can stay, do thou but sing.

ALCANOR.

But not unless a Nymph or Nymph-like maid  
Will listen.

LYSANDER.

Here comes Phanöe. Thou art pale.  
Sing: Phanöe! bid him sing.

PHANÖE.

By Artemis!  
I bade him never more repeat my name,  
And if he disobeys me . . .

LYSANDER.

Hush! 'twere ill  
To call down vengeance upon those who love:  
And he hath sworn by Pan that he will sing  
If thou wilt follow him up Mænalos.

PHANÖE.

He may snatch off my slipper while I kneel  
To Pan, upon the stone so worn aslant  
That it is difficult to kneel upon  
Without my leaving half a slipper loose.  
Little cares he for Pan: he scarcely fears  
That other, powerfuller and terribler,  
To whom more crowns are offered than to Zeus,  
Or any God beside, and oftener changed.  
In spring we garland him with pointed flowers,  
Anemone and crocus and jonquil,  
And tender hyacinth in clustering curls;  
Then with sweet-breathing mountain strawberry;  
Then pear and apple blossom, promising  
(If he is good) to bring the fruit full-ripe,  
Hanging it round about his brow, his nose,  
Down even to his lips. When autumn comes,  
His russet vine-wreath crackles under grapes:  
Some trim his neck with barley, wheat, and oat;  
Some twine his naked waist with them: and last  
His reverend head is seen and worshipt through  
Stiff narrow olive-leaves, that last til spring.  
Say, ought I not to fear so wild a boy,  
Who fears not even *him*! but once has tried  
By force to make me pat him, after prayers?

How fierce then lookt the God! and from above  
How the club reddened, as athirst for blood!  
Yet, fearing and suspecting the audacious,  
Up Mænalos I must, for there my herd  
Is browsing on the thorn and citisus  
At random.

LYSANDER.

He hath not endured thy frown,  
But hurries off.

PHANÖE.

And let him.

LYSANDER.

Captious Pan  
On one or other may look evil-eyed.

PHANÖE.

I mind my Goddess, let him mind his God.

Away she went, and as she went she sang.  
Brief cries were heard ere long, faint and more faint.  
Pan! was it thou? was it thou, Artemis?  
Frolicksome kids and hard goats glassy-eyed  
Alone could tell the story, had they speech.  
The maiden came not back: but, after rites  
Due to the goat-foot God, the pious youth  
Piped shrilly forth and shook off all his woe.



LACON AND DORA.

DORA (*wakening him*).

Feedest thou upon poppies? drowsy drone!

LACON.

Haply my breathing was a little hard,  
Hard it is always when I think of thee.

DORA.

Do idle shepherds snort like porpuses?  
I know what such hard breathing means with men ;  
We never practise it.

LACON.

Us men ye make  
Practise it often.

DORA.

Why not keep awake?

LACON.

Too long awake ye keep us.

DORA.

When you dance ;  
But dance makes me sleep sounder.

LACON.

You mistake

My meaning?

DORA.

Is there any?

LACON.

Day and night  
Of all hard breathing ye enforce the worst . .  
Unheeded sighs.

DORA.

Bad! but the worst are those  
That burst from nostril; hast thou none beside?

LACON.

I could breathe softer in a patient ear:  
Sit by my side and hear the difference.

DORA.

Quiet now! wilt not let me seat myself?

LACON.

I would but help thee: soon we both will rise  
Together. They who sigh but once have learnt  
Imperfect love: beginning, middle, end,  
There are in all things; we have barely come  
Halfway.

DORA.

O impudence! is that halfway?  
Then when, I wonder, shall we reach the end?

## ACON AND KEPOS.

ACON.

KEPOS ! what brings thee from the market-place ?

KEPOS.

What drove me from it, rather ask.

ACON.

Well, what ?

KEPOS.

There was a scramble round about my stall,  
And two unlucky boys were fighting hard  
Which of them should sweep off the fruit ; at last  
They overturn'd the board : 'twas time to run.

ACON.

And were the people then indifferent ?

KEPOS.

At first they were not ; presently they laught  
To see a split pomegranate's slippery fruit  
Drop from the fingers of the foremost two,  
With nothing left between them but hard rind  
And deeply-dyed and ever-during stain.

ACON.

Children of Hellas ! learn your lesson here,  
Nor touch pomegranate in the market-place.

LEONTION, ON TERNISSA'S DEATH  
(EPICUROS ALSO DEPARTED).

BEHOLD, behold me, whether thou  
Art dwelling with the Shades below  
Or with the Gods above :  
With thee were even the Gods more blest . .  
I wish I could but share thy rest  
As once I shared thy love.

'Twas in this garden where I lean  
Against thy tombstone, once the scene  
Of more than mortal bliss,  
That loiter'd once Ternissa ; sure  
She left me that her love was pure ;  
It gave not kiss for kiss.

Faint was the blush that overspread  
Thro' loosen'd hair her dying head ;  
One name she utter'd, one  
She sigh'd and wept at ; so wilt thou,  
If any sorrows reach thee now . .  
'Twas not *Leontion*.

Wert thou on earth thou wouldst not chide  
The gush of tears I could not hide  
Who ne'er hid aught from thee.  
Willing thou wentest on the way  
She went . . and am I doom'd to stay?  
No ; we soon meet, all three.

The flowers she cherisht I will tend,  
Nor gather, but above them bend  
    And think they breathe her breath.  
Ah, happy flowers ! ye little know  
Your youthful nurse lies close below,  
    Close as in life in death.

HYMN AND OFFERING OF TERPANDER  
TO JUNO.

I TOUCH the soil of Samos, where the queen  
Of heaven is worshipt, and her priests ordain'd  
Accept with gracious hands the gift of poor  
And rich alike, and even frame the prayers  
Of such as can not make them as beseems.  
What priests upon the earth so bountiful ?  
What land so lovely ? not even Rhodes, where Spring  
Serenely smiles at Winter's languid wrath,  
And where Apollo by the will of Zeus  
Reigns the sole God.

Do thou with face benign  
O Herè ! take this votive vest today,  
Brought by no hand impure, and well besprent  
With lustral water, which the grateful fumes  
Of incense rest on, and will rest on long,  
Until they reach thee at thy dome above.  
Do thou, O Herè, lay before the throne  
Of Zeus all my petitions, all my prayers ;  
For well thou knowest 'twere audacious deed  
In me without thy intercession, queen,  
To plead before him for offence of mine,  
Or favor at the Almighty Thunderer's hands.

Stand afar off, ye unbelieving men,  
While I with reverence lay before the feet  
Of Herè this my offering, from a woof  
Which maids of Sidon labored to intwine  
With gold and purple. Stand afar, profane,  
Who doubt if they who on Olympus dwell,

Wear such thin raiment when they take delight  
And clap their hands to see a Cloud and Wind  
(Eurus or Boreas or Apeliotes)

Run races on the summit in the snow.

I, happy in thy worship and thy care,  
Seek not to vary this my happiness,  
Nor would partake nor would impose a yoke.  
I know that Love and Hymen when they meet  
Are apt to quarrel ; Hymen presses hard,  
But Love with lighter wing eludes the grasp.  
I shudder when I see a saffron robe  
And torch before it. Herè ! I am weak ;  
Direct my steps, direct them to thy fane  
As now, and back again as now, alone.

## SOPHRON'S HYMN TO BAKKOS.

STAND afar off, irreverent and profane,  
While I ascend the temple of a God  
Miraculously born; a woman's child,  
The nurseling of no woman, but enwrapt  
In the soft swatheing of a father's thigh.

Hail, earthborn son of Semele and Zeus!  
Earthborn yet more, and in more lands, adored  
Than Zeus himself. Grant me the power to sing  
Thy praise, thy glorious conquests to rehearse  
Beyond the Ganges and Gangetic iles  
Numberless, where fierce tigers didst thou quell,  
Stripping their skins from off them ere half-dead,  
And whirling round thy neck their tawny legs,  
And round thy shoulders to thy loins the length  
Of their rich spoils: then first did Greece behold  
Fangs such as never since hath Calydon  
Yielded, when Melcager was avenged.

Better than victories are benefits;  
And these are thine too; greater none the Gods  
Bestow on mortal. By thy hand the chain  
Is loosened on the captive, and holds down  
The neck of kings, who toss and toss in vain  
And change the pillow, right and left, and start,  
Dreaming they hear the heavy scepter drop.

Who praises now Lykourgos? who but shrinks  
At that accursed name? 'twas he that spurn'd  
Thy precious gift, nor spared the graceful curl  
Of lucid tendril, nor pubescent down,  
Nor fragrant bloom that waits the later spring.



We hear what nectar is, we hear whose hand  
Presents it in her golden cup to Zeus,  
Tasting it at his nod and smile ; then he  
Drinks from the margin which her lips had toucht ;  
The nectar is not nectar until then :  
Thou knowest, Dionysos, thou alone,  
Whether it came from his own native Crete,  
Or from his daughter's Cypros ; both produce  
Beverage which Hebe need not blush to bear.

Is there a city, hamlet, woodland, croft,  
A festival without thy genial gifts,  
Thy presence, tho' unseen ? Is there a birth  
Of infant but thou gladdenest more the sire,  
And the sire's friends, who sing thy praise aloud ?

Thou knowest I was ever temperate  
And worshipt thee in purity ; thou knowest  
I loved the Nymphs because they fondled thee  
And carried thee an infant in their arms.  
Modest as these am I ; therefor unblamed  
I may invoke thee in the midst of them.  
One there is, Dionysos, at whose song  
Sorrow hath often fled from me ; do thou  
Incline thine ear, and haply she may sing,  
Altho' her songs were never framed for thee.

Hail, Dionysos, once again, and bless  
This hospitable city ; bless the sires  
Of her brave sons, and them ! long may they raise  
The ancestral cup, and pass it friend to friend !

## DRIMACOS.

IN Crete reign'd Zeus and Minos ; and there sprang  
From rocky Chios (but more years between)  
Homer. Ah! who near Homer's side shall stand?  
A slave, a slave shall stand near Homer's side.  
Come from dark ages forth, come, Drimacos!

O gems of Ocean, shining here and there  
Upon his vest of ever-changeful green,  
Richer are ye than wide-spread continents,  
Richer in thoughtful men and glorious deeds.  
Drimacos was a slave ; but Liberty  
By him from Slavery sprang, as day from night.  
Intolerable servitude o'erran  
The isle of Chios. They whose sires had heard  
The blind man, and the muse who sat beside,  
Constant, as was the daughter to the king  
Of Thebes, and comforting his sunless way,  
Yea, even these bore stones within their breasts,  
Buying by land or capturing by sea,  
And torturing limbs fashioned like their own,  
Limbs like the Gods' they all fell down before.  
But Zeus had from Olympus lookt oblique,  
Then breath'd into the breasts of suffering slaves  
Heroic courage and heroic strength,  
And wisdom for their guidance and support.  
Drimacos he appointed to coerce  
The pride of the enslaver, and to free  
All those who labored and were heavy-laden  
With griefs, not even by the avenging Gods  
Inflicted, wrongs which men alone inflict  
On others, when their vices have scoopt out

A yoke far more opprobrious for themselves.  
From field to field the clang of arms was heard ;  
Fires from the rocks and the hill-tops by night  
Collected all the valiant, all the young,  
Female and male, stripling and suckling babe,  
By mother (then most fond) not left behind.  
But many were o'ertaken ; many dropt  
Faint by the road ; thirst, hunger, terror, seiz'd  
Separate their prey. Among the fugitives,  
In the most crowded and the narrowest path  
That led into the thickets on the hill,  
Was Amymonè with her infant boy,  
Eiarinos. She pray'd the Gods, nor pray'd  
Inaudible, although her voice had fail'd.  
On Drimacos she call'd by name ; he heard  
The voice ; he turn'd his head, and cried aloud :  
“ Comrades ! take up yon infant from the arms  
That sink with it ; and help the mother on.”  
Far in advance was he ; all urged amain ;  
All minded their own household, nor obey'd.  
But he rusht back amid them till he reacht  
The mother, who had fallen under-foot,  
Trampled, but not relinquishing her hold.  
Scarcely was space to stoop in, yet he stoopt  
And rais'd what feebly wail'd among men's legs,  
And placed it on his head, that the fresh air  
Might solace it : soon it began to play,  
To pat the hair of some, of some the eyes,  
Unconscious that its mother's soul had fled.  
The dust rose lower, for the sultry day  
Was closing, and above shone Hesperus  
Alone. On mossy banks within the brake

The men threw down their weapons snatcht in haste,  
Impenetrable woods received their flight,  
And shelter'd and conceal'd them from pursuit.  
There many years they dwelt; nor only there,  
But also in the plains and in the towns  
Fought they, and overthrew the wealthier race,  
And drove their cattle off and reapt their grain.  
Drimacos, strong in justice, strong in arms,  
Prompt, vigilant, was everywhere obey'd.  
He proffer'd the proud Chiots, half-subdued,  
Repression of invaders, in return  
For their repression of invaders too,  
And corn and wine and oil enough for all,  
And horned victims to avenger Zeus.  
But plenteousness and sloth relaxt his hold  
Upon a few, men yearning to partake  
The vices of a city: murmurs rose  
And reacht the ear of Drimacos, and reacht  
The wealthy towns and their impatient lords.  
Rewards were offered for the leader's head,  
And askt perhaps ere offered. When he found  
Ingratitude so nigh and so alert,  
He listened calmly to the chiefs around,  
His firm defenders; then replied:

“My friends!

Already in the days of youth ye watcht  
Over the common-weal, but now your eyes  
And mine too want repose. Fear not for me,  
But guard yourselves. The Gods who placed me here  
Call *me* away, not you.”

They heard, and went,  
Sorrowing. Then call'd he unto him the youth

Eiarinos, who two whole years had fought  
Beside him, and fought well.

“Eiarinos!

I may have saved thy life (’tis said I did)  
In infancy: it now behoves me, boy,  
To give thee substance such as parents give.  
Alas! ’tis wanting: nought is in the house  
Save arms, as thou well knowest; but those men  
Who left me now, had talkt with thee before,  
And there are marks along thy cheek which tears  
Leave upon maiden’s cheeks, not upon men’s.

Eiarinos spake not, but threw his arms  
Around his guardian’s neck and shook with grief.  
“Thou shalt not be quite destitute, my son!”  
Said he, “Thou knowest what reward awaits  
Him who shall bring my head within the town.  
Here! strike! let never traitor grasp the gold.”  
Forward he held the hilt and lowered his brow.  
“Bequeathest thou to parricidal hand,  
O father! that accursed gold?” cried he,  
And ran against the portal, blind with tears.  
But the calm man now caught his arm, and said,  
“Delay may bring on both what comes for one.  
Inevitable is my death: at least  
Promise me this one thing, Eiarinos,  
And I release thee: swear that, when I die,  
Thou wilt, against all adversaries, bear  
My head to those who seek it, pledge of peace.”  
Calmer, but sobbing deep, the youth replied,  
“When Zeus the liberator shall appoint  
The pastor of the people to depart,  
His will be done! if such be his and thine.”

He lowered his eyes in reverence to the earth;  
And Drimacos then smote into his breast  
The unaccepted sword. The pious youth  
Fell overpowered with anguish, nor arose  
Until the elders, who had gone, return'd.  
They comforted the orphan, and implored  
He would perform the duty thus enjoined.  
Nor Muse, nor Memory her mother, knows  
The sequel: but upon the highest peak  
Of Chios is an altar of square stone  
Roughened by time, and some believe they trace  
In ancient letters, cubit-long, the words  
*Drimacos* and *Eiarinos* and *Zeus*.

## PINDAR AND HIERO.

HIERO.

PINDAR ! no few are there among my guests  
Who lift up eyebrows archt and rounded eyes  
To hear thee talk as they do. Poets grin  
And whisper,

*He is one of us, not more,  
Tho' higher in . . I think they also add  
Our foolish king's esteem.*

PINDAR.

We do not feed  
On race-horse flesh, nor drive the charriot-wheels  
Upon the table. Even in verse I sing  
Not always dithyrambics. I may lift  
Weak mortal over an admiring crowd,  
And I may hear and heed not their applause,  
A part whereof is given to him who fed  
The steeds, a part to him who drove, a part  
At last to me.

HIERO.

My friend ! the steeds are gone,  
The charrioteers will follow : Death pursues  
And overtakes the fleetest of them all :  
He may pant on until his ribs are crackt,  
He never shall reach thee. Believe one word  
A king hath spoken . . Ages shall sweep off  
All lighter things, but leave thy name behind.

PINDAR.

I was amused at hearing the discourse  
Of our wise judges, when their maws were fill'd,  
About some poets of the present day.

HIERO.

I did not hear it. I would not surcharge  
Thy memory, 'twere unfriendly ; but perchance  
A tittle of the tattle may adhere  
Stil to thy memory, as on amber hairs  
That some loose wench hath combed into the street :  
If so, pray let me have it.

PINDAR.

An old friend  
Of mine had represented the grave sire  
Of poets, in the ile of Ithaca,  
Conversing with Laertes.

HIERO.

He was wrong.  
Homer lived some time after him.

PINDAR.

Who knows ?  
Howbeit, the worst complaint was that a king  
Spoke of stale bread, and offered it his guest.

HIERO.

Ithaca is not Sicily : the rocks  
Of that poor iland bear no crops of wheat ;  
Laertes might not every day have spared



The scanty brushwood for the oaten cake.  
Wine, I will wager, your old friend hath jogg'd  
The generous host to lay upon the board.

PINDAR.

And both converst as other men converse.  
The poet is no poet at all hours,  
The hero is no hero with a friend.

HIERO.

The virtuous, the valiant, and the wise,  
Have ever been thy friends, and they alone.

PINDAR.

Few have I found, and fewer have I sought.  
Apart I chose to stand. The purest air  
Breathes o'er high downs on solitary men.  
Thou smilest, O king Hiero, at my words,  
Who seest me in thy court.

HIERO.

No, no, my friend !

PINDAR.

We must not penetrate the smile of kings,  
There may be secrets in it.

HIERO.

Open mine ;  
There is but one for thee ; and it is this ;  
'Tis written on no scroll, but on my heart ;

Command I dare not call it, though I would . .  
Pindar is Pindar, Hiero is but king.

PINDAR.

Embolden'd when I ought to be abasht,  
I venture now to question thee.

HIERO.

Obey.

Sprinkle a drop of Lethe on the fount  
Of sparkling Dirce, nor remember Thebes,  
Or him alone remember, him whose harp  
Rais'd up her walls, which harp thou strikest now  
With hand more potent than Amphion's was.  
Here shalt thou dwell in honor, long thy due,  
And sing to us thy even-song of life.

## TO CORINTH.

QUEEN of the double sea, beloved of him  
Who shakes the world's foundations, thou hast seen  
Glory in all her beauty, all her forms;  
Seen her walk back with Theseus when he left  
The bones of Sciron bleaching to the wind,  
Above the ocean's roar and cormorant's flight,  
So high that vastest billows from above  
Show but like herbage waving in the mead;  
Seen generations throng thy Isthmian games,  
And pass away; the beautiful, the brave,  
And them who sang their praises. But, O Queen,  
Audible still, and far beyond thy cliffs,  
As when they first were utter'd, are those words  
Divine which praised the valiant and the just;  
And tears have often stopt, upon that ridge  
So perilous, him who brought before his eye  
The Colchian babes. "Stay! spare him! save the  
last!

Medea! Is that blood? again! it drops  
From my imploring hand upon my feet!  
I will invoke the Eumenides no more,  
I will forgive thee, bless thee, bend to thee  
In all thy wishes, do but thou, Medea,  
Tell me, one lives." "And shall I too deceive?"  
Cries from the fiery car an angry voice;  
And swifter than two falling stars descend,  
Two breathless bodies; warm, soft, motionless,  
As flowers in stillest noon before the sun,  
They lie three paces from him: such they lie  
As when he left them sleeping side by side,

A mother's arm round each, a mother's cheeks  
Between them, flusht with happiness and love.  
He was more changed than they were, doomed to  
show

Thee and the stranger, how defaced and scarr'd  
Grief hunts us down the precipice of years,  
And whom the faithless prey upon the last.

To give the inertest masses of our earth  
Her loveliest forms, was thine; to fix the Gods  
Within thy walls, and hang their tripods round  
With fruits and foliage knowing not decay.  
A nobler work remains: thy citadel  
Invites all Greece: o'er lands and floods remote  
Many are the hearts that still beat high for thee:  
Confide then in thy strength, and unappall'd  
Look down upon the plain, while yokemate kings  
Run bellowing where their herdsman goad them on.  
Instinct is sharp in them and terror true,  
They smell the floor whereon their necks must lie.

## CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

WE mind not how the sun in the mid-sky  
Is hastening on; but when the golden orb  
Strikes the extreme of earth, and when the gulphs  
Of air and ocean open to receive him,  
Dampness and gloom invade us; then we think  
Ah! thus is it with Youth. Too fast his feet  
Run on for sight; hour follows hour; fair maid  
Succeeds fair maid; bright eyes bestar his couch;  
The cheerful horn awakens him; the feast,  
The revel, the entangling dance, allure,  
And voices mellower than the Muse's own  
Heap up his buoyant bosom on their wave.  
A little while, and then . . Ah Youth! Youth! Youth!  
Listen not to my words . . but stay with me!  
When thou art gone, Life may go too; the sigh  
That rises is for thee, and not for Life.

## PTOLEMY AND THEOCRITOS.

PTOLEMY.

PLEASANT art thou, Theocritos! The pair  
Thou broughtest forward to our festival  
Of yesterday, Praxinoe and Gorgo,  
Are worthy pair for Aristophanes,  
Had he been living, to have brought on stage :  
Even grave Menander, wittiest of the wise,  
Had smiled and caught thee by the hand for this.

THEOCRITOS.

Ah! to be witty is hard work sometimes.  
'Tis easier to lie down along the grass,  
Where there is any, grass there none is here.

PTOLEMY.

But here are couches where we may repose  
And dream as easily. Thy dreams were all  
For Sicily, about the Nymphs and swains.

THEOCRITOS.

It seems an easier matter to compose  
Idyls of shepherds and of little Gods  
Than great heroic men.

PTOLEMY.

Thou hast done both.

THEOCRITOS.

Neither is easy. Grass in Sicily  
Is slippery, scant the turf and hard to tread.

The sheep oft wonder, and crowd close, at sight  
Of venturous shepherd, putting pipe to lip  
And, ere he blow it, sprawling heels in air.  
I have sung hymns ; but hymns with fuller breath  
Are chaunted by my friend Kallimakos.

PTOLEMY.

*Friend !* O strange man ! poet call poet *friend !*  
If my good genius brought thee hither, thanks  
We both may pay him.

THEOCRITOS.

Well indeed may I.

PTOLEMY.

What ! for disturbing dreams of Nymphs and swains,  
And whispering leaves of platan and of pine ?  
Sweet whispers ! but with sweeter underneath.

THEOCRITOS.

No ; but for banishing far different ones,  
Such as were facts in our fair Sicily.  
Had kings like Ptolemy been living then,  
However far removed this empire lies,  
Phalaris never had shut up within  
His brazen bull the bravest and the best.

PTOLEMY.

Kings have their duties : it concerns them all  
To take good heed that none betray their trust,  
Lest odious be the name, and they themselves  
Fall thro the crime of one : the crowns they wear

Make some hot-headed, nearly all weak-eyed.

'Tis written how this bull went close behind,  
Bellowing his thunders, belching smoke and flame,  
Wherever that king went.

THEOCRITOS.

No fiction, sire,  
Of poets, or historians, who feign more.

PTOLEMY.

Pleasanter in our Ægypt be thy dreams!  
Come, let me hear the latest ; speak it out.

THEOCRITOS.

Last night, beneath the shadow of a sphynx  
I fancied I was lying, and I dream'd  
Only of placid Gods and generous kings.

PTOLEMY.

Knave ! knave ! on neither shall thy dream be vain.



## ODE TO MILETUS.

MAIDEN there was whom Jove  
Illuded into love,  
    Happy and pure was she;  
Glorious from her the shore became,  
And Helle lifted up her name  
To shine eternal o'er the river-sea.

And many tears are shed  
Upon thy bridal-bed,  
Star of the swimmer in the lonely night!  
    Who with unbraided hair  
    Wipedst a breast so fair,  
Bounding with toil, more bounding with delight.

But they whose prow hath past thy straits  
And, ranged before Byzantion's gates,  
Bring to the God of sea the victim due,  
    Even from the altar raise their eyes.  
And drop the chalice with surprise,  
And at such grandeur have forgotten you.

At last there swells the hymn of praise,  
And who inspires those sacred lays?  
    "The founder of the walls ye see."  
What human power could elevate  
Those walls, that citadel, that gate?  
    "Miletos, O my sons! was he."

Hail then, Miletus! hail beloved town,  
Parent of me and mine!  
But let not power alone be thy renown,  
Nor chiefs of ancient line,

Nor visits of the Gods, unless  
They leave their thoughts below,  
And teach us that we most should bless  
Those to whom most we owe,

Restless is Wealth; the nerves of Power  
Sink, as a lute's in rain:  
The Gods lend only for an hour  
And then call back again

All else than Wisdom; she alone,  
In Truth's or Virtue's form,  
Descending from the starry throne  
Thro' radiance and thro' storm,

Remains as long as godlike men  
Afford her audience meet,  
Nor Time nor War tread down again  
The traces of her feet.

Always hast thou, Miletus, been the friend,  
Protector, guardian, father, of the wise;  
Therefore shall thy dominion never end  
Till Fame, despoil'd of voice and pinion, dies.

With favouring shouts and flowers thrown fast  
behind,

Arctinos ran his race,

No wanderer he, alone and blind . .

And Melesander was untorn by Thrace.

There have been, but not here,

Rich men who swept aside the royal feast

On child's or bondman's breast,

Bidding the wise and aged disappear.

Revere the aged and the wise,

Aspasia! but thy sandal is not worn

To trample on these things of scorn;

By his own sting the fire-bound scorpion dies.

## THE FAMINE IN ETRURIA.\*

BEYOND the confines of a race cognate,  
Pelasgic, and their hunger well appeas'd,  
Had travel'd the Etrurians : age alone  
Would have protected them throughout all lands  
When it was widely known they sought the God  
At Delphi ; now they stood beneath his fane.  
But some of them had rashly pluckt the boughs  
Of bay in passing ; when a voice was heard  
In modulated tones ; and these the words.  
*Impious the man who snaps the budding bay,  
Or bruises it, thus hastening its decay :  
This may be pardon'd in the goats and swine ;  
Brutes know not what is awful and divine.*  
Obedient were they all.

When they approacht  
The temple, one alone received a branch,  
And he was bidden to come forth and speak.  
Then came he forth and, kneeling, thus spake he.  
“ The springs are sunk into the earth again,  
Thou seest, Apollo, who seest all below,  
And, where the fountains bubbled up, the bats  
Widen their wings and crouch, nor seek for flies,  
For even the flies around are dead with drought,  
And the thin knats, now thinner, cease to whirr.

\* Dionysius of Halicarnassus records this famine and its consequences, adding the appeal to the oracle, which oracle demanded, in addition to arrears, a tenth of the males. After this their calamity, the Etrurians, who were the Japanese of Europe three thousand years ago, in civility and industry, lost the dominion of Italy, still observing the oracle, and devoting a tenth of their possessions and of their children to their Gods' vicegerent and subordinates.

Not only the light wanderers of the air,  
The very serpents, mother Earth's first-born,  
And living in all lands, live not with us.  
Python, the glory of thy silver bow,  
Would not have rais'd his threatening head, but  
croucht

At his full length, and panted, not defied.

Piteous it is, if we can pity now  
Aught but ourselves, to see the ox's ribs  
White under him who drove them to the field,  
And drying as they drop his bitter tears.  
Where now the poppy-crown? where harvest-home?"  
Fain would I rest upon a thought so sweet,  
If sweet be any thought of happiness  
Departed, and hope with it.

Worse remains.

A mother had no heart to kill her babe,  
But offered it to one who had: he said  
A plumper turnip was too high a price;  
And she turn'd back in anger and in scorn . . .  
But soon (even scorn and anger sank) return'd,  
For she had one babe left, and one might live.

The God was deaf to every prayer; at length  
They sought his oracle with better hopes;  
Then said he from his inner shrine.

" 'Tis here.

Here only should ye seek me, willful men!  
Depart; and sacrifice to me the tenth  
Of all that earth may bear to you henceforth.  
After due reverence to the priest ordain'd  
To take it; he will lustrate you and bless  
Your children."

Joyous they return'd, if joy  
Ever found entrance in such lank abodes.  
They brought the priest his tenth : he scowl'd on  
them.

“Bring the tenth child,” cried he “The God we  
serve  
Delights in song, and song our God must have.”  
“Few are now left us” said the weeping sires,  
And hunger leaves not even voice behind,  
Nor are all fit for it.”

“Begone, perverse !”  
Cried he . . “but ere ye go I promise ye  
We of our temple can bring voices out,  
And they shall warble in our sacred choir :  
The virgins we will shut from eyes profane.”  
Sorrowing the Etrurians led their children forth  
Devoted to the God of light and song.

## THE ALTAR OF MODESTY.

Soon as the stranger turns his step away  
From Lacedæmon, and pursues the road  
Toward the towers of Elis, where a ford  
Whitens with rippling wave the river-bank,  
Sacred to Modesty an altar stood.  
Hither the gentle Leda brought her child,  
Her Helena, whom Theseus had borne off,  
And thus reproved her, by none other heard.  
“How couldst thou, Helena, leave house and home  
And parent, and twin brothers, bright as stars?  
With what discourse could Theseus tempt thee  
hence?

He is not tender, is not bland, nor chaste,  
Nor even young.

I too was once beguiled  
By a white stately swan I loved to feed,  
Who drove the rest away that followed him;  
And wicked Theseus, then a boy, laught loud  
Seeing my downcast eyes; and, when I turn'd  
To chide him, *Ah poor Leda!* whined the rogue.  
Once as I watcht him wrestling in the ring,  
Me, tho' I stood far distant, he espied  
And waddled nearer, and whined childishly  
*Poor Leda! what a pity! naughty swan!*  
And shaped his lips as deftly as he could  
Into a beak; then from a reed within  
Whistled low querulous notes, as swan may do;  
Lastly, to crown his impudence, drew wings  
Over his shoulders, shaking them outspread.

Where am I rambling? What has this to do

With such a folly as was his and thine ?  
Tell me . . now we are seated . . all that past."

Then Helena . . but first sigh'd more than once.  
"Blamable was our guest, but worse his friend  
Pirithöos, who extol'd me far above  
All other Spartan maids, and earnestly  
Pointed me out to him. No, never more  
In presence of Pirithöos will I dance,  
Afraid to celebrate Diana's games."

"I want to hear of Theseus, not of him"  
Said Leda. She obeyed.

"He prais'd the land  
Of Cecrops, its convivial hours, its girls  
Waving a golden tettinx in their hair,  
Yet Helena's prefer'd he unadorn'd.  
Brave, said he, were his countrimen, and mild  
And facil were their Gods ; not Pallas' self  
Beheld them ever with unkindly glance,  
Standing among the Graces, and but shook  
Her head at any little fault of theirs.  
Harp, song, and dance, beneath the olive-trees,  
He promist me, on turf where tymbrels shed  
Showers of white blossoms on the sandal'd feet :  
And then in autumn O what rites and games !  
Such as when Bakkos, India's kings subdued  
And India's tigers crouching under him,  
Pronounced this one command, *Be happy all !*  
Yet Theseus was himself most miserable ;  
He said it, and, as if it were a crime  
To suffer, humbly prayed me to forgive.  
I was not merciless ; it was enough  
To seem so in the midst of tears and sighs.



‘Who would,’ said I, ‘prefer the cares of love  
That could beneath the shade of friendship rest  
And hear the praises of himself and friend ;  
Thine is Pirithöos, flourishing in youth  
And ready to learn anything from thee,  
And any danger at thy side incur,  
Nearer to thee in years, and beautiful  
As was the royal youth an eagle bore  
From Ida, beautiful as he who fell  
Beneath Apollo’s quoit ; but never hope  
With me such praises ; never hope to calm  
(Whatever thou persuadest me) my fears.’  
Then he. ‘Not always is the ear content  
With praises, nor with friendship is the breast :  
Of this the girls of Sparta seem aware,  
And often chide me for it. When we reach  
Pandion’s city thou shalt prove thro life  
Fond is the lover as is firm the friend.’

I answered, ‘There are others thou hast left,  
Perfidious Theseus, in that ile afar  
Where tower a hundred cities.’

Mother dear,  
Now listen what he own’d and what denied.  
We know how cruel Minos was, what law  
When he had conquered Athens he imposed ;  
Which to avoid, the father sent his son  
Hither ; strong, ardent, uncontrollable,  
Away he burst to lands where Zeus was born,  
And there he slew the Minotaur : the thread  
That guided him throughout that labyrinth’s  
Intricate turns was Ariadne’s gift.  
Nor was he faithless to her, but he loved

Me better, and he swore by every God  
 Of late propitious to him, he who left  
 Wealth, kingdom, beauty, should be mine alone ;  
 Mine marble palaces, Hymettos mine,  
 And that sweet honey from those thymy knolls  
 Where only bees have anything to do.

Now, mother ! should I, can I, tell you more ?  
 My poor old prying nurse, who really knows  
 Many things, but imagines she knows more,  
 Thinking I must be weary and might want  
 To rest my ankles higher than the floor,  
 Lifted up one above the couches edge ;  
 Then down she stoopt that she might better peer.  
 Well I remember it, because she trod  
 On my loose hair ; then doubling under her  
 Both knees, she looked quite close, sagaciously,  
 Then, rising up, she spat behind her back,  
 And then ran out, lifting in wonderment  
 Her head aloft and spreading out both arms,  
 Exclaimed, *Zeus ! Zeus ! be prais'd ! he hath pre-*  
*served*

*His child : then muttered she with scornful voice,*  
*A hero ! of mad heroes most insane !*  
*He indeed ! he slay Minotaurs ! I now*  
*Believe he left the virgin on the shore*  
*Of Dia ; what could he do else ? O age*  
*Degenerate ! which for prowess can but boast*  
*Such men as Theseus and Alcides are.*  
*Ah ! in my day . . but all such days are past."*

These words repeated by the unwary maid  
 Sooth'd Leda's breast ; and softly fell her tears,  
 Softly too fell her daughter's at the sight.

“Mother, I think I did not love him much,  
I am quite sure I do not love him now,  
And why I went with him I can not guess.  
Do not be angry ; he will be ashamed  
To come again, ashamed as much as I.  
If I had not return’d you might have been  
A little sorry, certainly I should,  
But here you see me fresh and fond as ever.”  
After a while said Leda, “Thou hast told  
The happier part, and now relate the rest,  
Nor canst thou do it in a fitter place ;  
For here Odysseus\* (unlike thy return)  
Beneath love’s chaster torches carried home  
Penelope. Her sire Icaros,  
Altho he had approved the worthy choice,  
Altho he had invited to his house  
The future son, and altho far beyond  
All others, brave, and wary, and expert  
In household thrift was Laertiades,  
And safe, with rocks around, his island stood,  
Felt now the grief a parent ever feels  
To lose a child.

The nuptial festival

Proroged his sorrows with his guests about,  
For Bakkos wound with ivy and with flowers  
Together Age and Youth upon that day.  
All was well then, and jocund dreams enwrap  
The soundly sleeping sire : but when arose

\* Odysseus here recovers his proper name instead of *Ulysses*, he being neither Roman nor English. But it is only where those of his country are supposed to be speaking : in us it would be affectation : with us he is naturalized.

Morn, and he saw the coronels collapst  
Droop down the chamber door, and heard the neigh  
Of steeds, and saw the broken cates removed  
From the piled table, then, ah then indeed  
Sorrow, awhile remoter, prest again  
Upon his temples, his ears sob'd, his knees  
Gave way."

Then shuddered Helena, and said,  
"How cruel was Odysseus thus to pain  
Poor old Icaros."

"Crueller," replied  
Leda, "is she who seeks a home unknown  
Leaving a parent ignorant of her flight."

Strong as may grief be, curiosity  
Creeps over and beyond it.

Leda, calm'd,  
Could now resume her questioning ; she askt  
What caus'd her error : Helena would turn  
The question, and entreated to know more  
About Penelope, and what result.  
"Grant, O ye Gods ! she may be safe at home !"  
Leda could now but smile, with gentle palm  
Patted her cheek, and from her bosom drew  
With finger slipping back the chin that dropt  
Into it, obstinate to keep its place.  
Then Helena, first looking round about,  
Pursued her narrative.

"I will relate  
The whole ; for now I see you will not ask  
Such idle questions as the nurse, insane,  
Else how could she deem me so tiger-like  
As bite ? She gave me signs by nod and wink,

Finding her words convey no sense at all :  
Hardly such rudeness can the crone object  
To sister Clytemnestra : well you know,  
Sweet mother, that your Helena was taught  
Far different manners, nor would, even tho hurt,  
Use tooth or nail, but tremble as the strings  
Of a lyre tremble if swept all at once."

Leda, to hide her blushes, prest her face  
On the fresh herbage, fearing to look up,  
And twitcht unconsciously the brittle grass.  
"He did not hurt thee, then ?"

"Quite the reverse ;

He swore he would not, and he kept his word :  
Instead of hurting, he protected me  
Completely."

"O ye Gods above !" exclaimed  
The mother in alarm.

"Ah what a tale !

Yet, yet, go on with it ; lay bare the whole  
And end with it my pangs of grief and fear.  
Thou hast been shown by me that even the shy  
Have err'd from steddiness ; how far hast thou !  
If more austere thy sister than befits,  
If at the wanton boys she stamps her foot,  
Thou art too ready to incline an ear  
To their excuses. I have seen thee stand,  
Trip on, turn back, and ask what *can* they mean,  
And wait, nor over-readily dismiss  
The laughing urchins with responsive laugh.

Nature may throw a gloom o'er Modesty  
But she serenest the brow with purer light,  
Light pure as on Olympos Gods enjoy."



He bade me stay. We hear the tramp of steeds.  
*Away*, cried he, and threw me on the car.  
But my two brothers had come up : the bits  
Drawn tightly in, the javelins vibrated.  
*Stay, robber !* they exclame, their angry eyes  
Glaring like stars that struggle with a stream.  
*What ! arm'd against the unarm'd !* cried he in scorn,  
Turning aside the points with open hand,  
*Off, boys ! what would ye ? think ye that I dread*  
*Your javelins ? no ; your youth, your parentage,*  
*Awes me ; take homeward, take with you unharm'd*  
*Your virgin sister ; for the Powers above*  
*Have by sure omen disapproved my deed.*  
Thus he ; and they abstain'd : then, to himself,  
*Patiently bear thy vultur, patiently*  
*Look down from thy chain'd neck and watch uptorne*  
*Thy growing liver by insatiate beak ;*  
*Rest, O Prometheus, on the piercing flints,*  
*Endure the lightning on unclosing eyes,*  
*Never hast thou endured love torne away*  
*Upon the threshold from thine open arms."*

The maiden blusht as she began the tale  
And sorrowed as she closed it : half afraid  
Her mother might observe her, she besought  
The sequel of Penelope : aware  
Of her devices, Leda sweetly gazed  
And thus began to moralize her tale.

" On those united by an equal love  
Smiles every morning, every evening brings  
Fresh hymenæals : youthful maid should find  
A youthful husband ; such be thine, my child,  
And ever mindful how chaste love excells

Unchaste, be thou Penelope, be thine  
Odysseus.

I related how it grieved  
Icarios to have bid his child farewell.  
At first he turn'd away his tearful eyes,  
And rested on the lintel of the door  
His troubled brow ; but soon he heard the tramp  
Of the car-horses and the rolling wheels  
That grated near, then where the stones no more  
Paved the highway and sounds came indistinct,  
Brought to him only by the fitful breeze,  
Rushing out wildly thro the city gate,  
Broken in spirit, weak in sight, he saw  
Odysseus, who had slackened now the reins  
To hear more leisurely the low discourse  
Of his beloved.

Thro deep husky groans,  
In broken voice, *Restore my child !* he cried,  
*True, I did yield her to thee ; not so deaf*  
*Wast thou that day, no, nor that day was I*  
*Childless as now thou makest me: restore*  
*My only daughter, my heart's sole delight,*  
*My age's sole support. Thee many a maid*  
*May please as well as she. O give her back*  
*In pity, or come with me both again.*

Odysseus heard and checkt and loost the reins.  
The gentle daughter threw her left arm round  
The old man's neck, and sooth'd his wrinkled cheek  
With her warm tears : the youth had paus'd, then  
spake.

*Me Sparta might detain, me might the home*  
*Of our Penelope, but home have I,*



*Home, people, aged sire, and household gods,  
Neglected never with impunity.*

*Pious! if thou art pious, said the sire,  
Restore her: she is willing, as thou seest.*

*Let her then choose, said he of Ithaca.*

Penelope cast down her pallid brow  
While her right hand held tight the hero's vest,  
And sobs shook heavily her struggling heart.

*Choose, choose Icarios cried; remember her  
Who bore thee; pity me.*

Fierce tortures wrung

Nor broke her silence.

*Speak, Penelope!*

Said softly her Odysseus. Round the neck  
Paternal stil her arm was left, her face  
Turn'd to the other side, her veil drawn close,  
Heavy with tears, until with groan and gasp  
The weak neck fell upon the neck less weak.  
Sorrowful, and yet proud at heart, return'd  
Icarios home: the elders his compeers  
Came forth and envied him and soon consoled:  
Hence was devoted (why wert thou away?)  
That low turf altar rais'd to Modesty."

## IPHIGENEIA AND AGAMEMNON.

IPHIGENEIA, when she heard her doom  
At Aulis, and when all beside the king  
Had gone away, took his right-hand, and said,  
“O father! I am young and very happy.  
I do not think the pious Calchas heard  
Distinctly what the Goddess spake. Old-age  
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew  
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood  
While I was resting on her knee both arms  
And hitting it to make her mind my words,  
And looking in her face, and she in mine,  
Might not he also hear one word amiss,  
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus?”  
The father placed his cheek upon her head,  
And tears dropt down it, but the king of men  
Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more.  
“O father! sayst thou nothing? Hear'st thou not  
Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,  
Listen'd to fondly, and awaken'd me  
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,  
When it was inarticulate as theirs,  
And the down deadened it within the nest?”  
He moved her gently from him, silent stil,  
And this, and this alone, brought tears from her,  
Altho' she saw fate nearer: then with sighs,  
“I thought to have laid down my hair before  
Benignant Artemis, and not have dimm'd  
Her polisht altar with my virgin blood;  
I thought to have selected the white flowers  
To please the Nymphs, and to have askt of each

By name, and with no sorrowful regret,  
Whether, since both my parents will'd the change,  
I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt brow;  
And (after these who mind us girls the most)  
Adore our own Athena,\* that she would  
Regard me mildly with her azure eyes.  
But, father! to see you no more, and see  
Your love, O father! go ere I am gone . . .”  
Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,  
Bending his lofty head far over her's,  
And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.  
He turn'd away; not far, but silent stil.  
She now first shudder'd; for in him, so nigh,  
So long a silence seem'd the approach of death,  
And like it. Once again she rais'd her voice.  
“O father! if the ships are now detain'd,  
And all your vows move not the Gods above,  
When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer  
The less to them: and purer can there be  
Any, or more fervent than the daughter's prayer  
For her dear father's safety and success?”  
A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.  
An aged man now enter'd, and without  
One word, stept slowly on, and took the wrist  
Of the pale maiden. She lookt up, and saw  
The fillet of the priest and calm cold eyes.  
Then turn'd she where her parent stood, and cried  
“O father! grieve no more: the ships can sail.”

\* Pallas Athena was the patroness of Argos.

## PENELOPE AND PHEIDO.

PHEIDO.

HA ! what strange stories these old people tell !  
Will you believe me, gracious lady queen ?  
Yesterday-eve behind this figtree sate  
Melantheus and that idler Iros, he  
Who breaks more bread than the best workman  
    earns,  
And seem'd contending which should lie the most.

PENELOPE.

What did they talk about ?

PHEIDO.

Why, they discourst  
About our lord, be sure, as all men do.  
Iros, who scratcht his shoulder, said he tried  
To shirk the ships that were afloat for Troy.  
I could well-nigh have smitten him, but thought  
So wise a man, with such a queen for wife,  
So beautiful, so provident of corn  
And oil and wine, must suddenly have lost  
His wits, by sun-stroke, or magician's wand  
Or witches charm, to leave her willingly.

PENELOPE.

Willingly not, but duteously ; the Gods  
Urged him, and he obey'd : the chiefs of Greece  
Knew that they wanted much his prudent mind,  
Kings tho they were, to counsel them aright.

There was no folly in their thinking so.  
Brave as he was, he would have staid at home,  
But Hellas rose in arms to punish fraud  
And rapine. When he left me, tears he shed,  
Which he had never done but on that day  
When on his mother's breast he cried for milk  
And milk was there no longer. He was born  
For glory.

PHEIDO.

O sweet mistress ! what is that ?

PENELOPE.

To carry arms, and quell thereby the proud.

PHEIDO.

Here are no robbers in these blessed realms,  
Here in our Ithaca no boars, no wolves  
No dragons : glory then is gone abroad,  
Unless it may be found in cestuses.

PENELOPE.

But there are monarchs, far across the sea,  
Proud monarchs, and they boast of sons as proud,  
Who steal the wives of those who trusted them,  
And purple robes therewith and treasured gold  
And silver.

PHEIDO.

May the Gods guide safely home  
Our master ! Will he bring back purple robes,  
Silver, and gold ? he should have more than half.

But O those purple robes ! how they will suit  
The lovely shoulders of our gracious queen.  
Do thou, Poseidon, let them come unhurt  
Upon our shores ; for thy salt waves might wash  
The colour out ; chide them, forbid them thou !  
Pray to him, O sweet lady ! for your prayers  
Will reach him sooner than your handmaid's could ;  
Beside, the wealthy always can prevail  
With gifts ; and upon Neritos are kids  
And goats in plenty, easy to be caught  
If they know Gods are waiting.

PENELOPE.

We will think  
About this matter ; but Laertes first  
Must be consulted : he knows every kid  
And goat upon the rocks there.

Now lay by  
The yarn, and leave this figtree for yon vines,  
Where I can trust thee better than the rest  
Of all my maidens ; for thy truthful tongue  
Never laid blame upon the wasp when gaps  
I found among the bunches ; go, and cull  
The ripest ; thou shalt have two figs for each.

PHEIDO.

All the blue figs lie slit upon the wall  
For winter use, and little lizards keep,  
With never-closing eye and panting heart,  
Watch and ward over them against the flies  
And ants, and hold those fast with viscous tongue,  
Sharp-pointed, swiftly out and swiftly in.

The green and yellow are ungathered yet  
Mostly. Telemakos is tall enough  
To help me up with hand below my heel,  
And shoulder close against the trunk applied.

## PENELOPE.

Telemakos plies other work : he mends  
The nets to catch those busy birds that hang  
Tail downward and inflict sad wounds on fig.

Away ! but come back soon, and then for woof.  
Idleness ill befits a royal house :  
The husbandman, who labors hard may rest  
In the midday, and thereby shorten night.

## ACHILLES AND HELENA ON IDA.

HELENA.

WHERE am I? O ye blessed ones above,  
Desert me not! ye Twain who brought me hither!  
Was it a dream?

Stranger! thou seemest thoughtful;  
Couldst thou not answer me? why silent? speak,  
I do implore thee.

ACHILLES.

Neither they nor feet  
Of mules have borne thee where thou standest,  
Helena!  
Whether 'twas in the hour of early sleep  
Or whether 'twas in morning's, know I not,  
But Aphrodite, listening to my prayer,  
And Thetis with her, gentle as herself,  
Have wafted thee into these solitudes,  
And to me also pointed out the way,  
That I the pride of Sparta might behold  
And the Earth's marvel. How my heart expands,  
But agonizes too, at thee, the cause  
To Hellas of innumerable woes.

HELENA.

Stranger! thy voice, thy stature, and thy mien  
Approve thee one whom Goddesses and Gods  
Might well conduct and glory in; but who,  
If earthly, art thou?



ACHILLES.

Son of Peleus am I.

Tremble not, turn not pale, bend not thy knee.

HELENA.

Spare me, thou Goddess-born ! thou cherisht son  
Of silver-footed Thetis ! Sure, Chryseis  
And she who rais'd within thy generous breast  
More pity than disdain for cruel wrong,  
Briseis, now might soften it : lead not  
Me too into captivity. Ah ! woes  
I have brought down on Hellas ; on myself  
Have fallen woes, and will for ever fall.

ACHILLES.

Daughter of Zeus ! what words are thine ! they raise  
No pity in my breast, none needest thou  
Within my reach to give, but bitter wrath  
Thou raisest at indignity and wrong.  
Chryseis, daughter of that aged priest  
Who in this land performs due sacrifice  
To his Apollo, was another's lot.  
Insolent and unworthy, he hath brought  
More sorrows on our people even than thou,  
And dogs and vultures prey upon the brave  
Who fell without a wound.

Mine is indeed  
Briseis, chaste and beautiful Briseis,  
He contumacious, proud at once and base  
Would tear her from me.

Gods above ! what land  
Behold ye where the wolf hath dared to seize

Kid which a lion hath taken.

Never fear  
Mortal shall lead thee into servitude ;  
What impious wretch would dare it ? hath not Zeus  
Thundered above these mountains ? Doth not he,  
Wide-seeing, see all earth but Ida ? watch  
Over all creatures but his progeny ?  
Capaneus and Typhœus less offended  
Than would the wretch whose grasp should violate  
The golden hair of Helena.

Tremblest thou,  
Irresolute, distrustful ?

HELENA.

I must tremble,  
And more and more.

ACHILLES.

Then take my hand.

HELENA.

And may I ?  
May I ? and hold it ? I am comforted,

ACHILLES.

The scene around us, calm and silent, ought  
To comfort thee : turnest thou to survey it ?  
Perhaps it is unknown to thee.

HELENA.

'Tis so.  
Since my arrival I have never gone  
Beyond the city-walls.

ACHILLES.

Gaze freely then,  
Perplexed no longer. Pleasant are these downs,  
Pleasant the level eminence, by broom  
Surrounded, and with myrtle underneath  
And crispleaved beech and broad dark pine above.  
Rare place for boars : why are my dogs at home,  
And where for sylvan sport my leisure hours.

HELENA.

But those are gloomy places, not so this.  
Frightful are boars and wolves and such like things.  
But here how pretty is the slender grass  
Bent by the glossy insects as they climb  
Or light upon it, or upon the tall  
Sisterhoods of grey lavender ! their names  
I recollect now I have found them here  
Within this very hour and seen them close.  
The dark-eyed cistus and gay citisus.  
Are here too.

ACHILLES.

Wonderful ! how couldst thou learn  
To name so many plants ?

HELENA.

I could name ten.  
Look ! see the little troops of serpolet  
Running in wild disorder here and there.  
Thou knowest these perhaps and many more.

ACHILLES.

Keiron taught *me*, while walking at his side  
And he was culling herbs to cure the hurt  
His brother Centaurs might in play recieve.  
Wonderous his knowledge ; I was proud to learn.  
Sometimes he seated me and made me sing :  
Sometimes he took the lyre and sang himself.  
At intervals I catch the fleeting words  
He sang to me.

HELENA.

He sang of war, no doubt.  
Repeat his words, if thou art loth to sing.

ACHILLES.

*Look at those yellow poppies ! were the words  
They are come out to catch whate'er the sun  
Will throw into their cups ; their faces show  
Their joyance. Son of Peleus ! they begin  
Their nodding dance, and wait but for the lyre.*

HELENA.

Childish ! for one with such a spear against  
His shoulder ; even its shadow terrible,  
It seems to make a chasm across the plain.

ACHILLES.

To talk or think as children think and talk  
Is not at all times such a proof of folly ;  
There may be hours when it shall push aside  
Griefs, where the strength of graver wisdom fails.

HELENA.

But Keiron, when he sang to thee of flowers  
Show'd little.

ACHILLES.

To his lyre he sang the loves  
Of Hyacinthos and Narcissos, brought  
Back by the Hours on their unwearied feet,  
Regular in their courses as the stars.  
Many of the trees and bright-eyed flowers once lived  
And moved, and even spoke, as we are speaking.  
Memories they yet may have, tho they have cares  
No longer.

HELENA.

They then have no memories,  
They see their beauty only.

ACHILLES.

Helena !

Thou turnest pale and droopest.

HELENA.

Gum or blossom

Or this high place, or something else unseen,  
Hath made me dizzy : can it be the wind ?

ACHILLES.

Air there is none.

HELENA.

I wish there were a little.

ACHILLES.

Be seated now.

HELENA.

The feeble are obedient.

ACHILLES.

'Twas on this very ground where we repose  
They who conducted me by certain signs  
Told me the prize of beauty was awarded.  
One of them smiled ; the other, whom in duty  
I love the most, lookt anxious and let fall  
Some tears.

HELENA.

Yet she was not one of the vanquisht.

ACHILLES.

Goddesses then contended. Helena  
Was absent, and too young.

HELENA.

Alas ! how fatal  
Was the decision of the arbiter.  
Could not thy sire the venerable Peleus,  
And could not Pyrrhos, child so beautiful  
And helpless, have detain'd thee from this war ?

ACHILLES.

No reverence and no friendship for the race  
Of Atreus brought me against Troy ; I hate,  
Detest and execrate alike both brothers ;

Another is more odious to me stil,  
I will forbear to name him. The brave man  
Holding the hearth as sacred as the temple,  
Violates never hospitality.  
He carries not away the gold he finds  
Within the house, folds not up purple linen  
Workt for solemnities, conveying it  
Stealthily from the cedar chest to stow  
In the dark ship, together with a wife  
Confided to him by her absent lord.  
I will not say to love thee was a crime ;  
Priam or Nestor might, even at their years,  
But to avow and act on the avowal  
Is what the Gods, if righteous, will chastise.

HELENA.

But Aphrodite urged me, day and night,  
Telling me that to make her break her vow  
To Paris was inexpiable sin.  
So she told Paris at the selfsame hours,  
And quite as often, he repeated it  
Every morning, showing how his dreams  
Tallied with mine exactly. So, at last . .

ACHILLES.

The last is not yet come. By all the Gods  
If I should ever meet him, face to face  
I with this spear transfix him.

HELENA.

Pray, do not,  
For Aphrodite never would forgive thee.

ACHILLES.

I am not sure of that ; she soon forgets.  
Variable as Iris, she one day  
Favors, the next forsakes.

HELENA.

She may forsake  
Me then !

ACHILLES.

But other Deities  
Watch over and protect thee. Thy brave brothers  
Are with them at this very hour, and they  
Are never absent from their festivals.

HELENA.

Oh ! were they living ! that thou couldst have seen  
them !

ACHILLES.

Companions of my father on the Phasis  
They were his guests before they went, all three,  
To hunt the boar of Calydon ; that day  
Brought many sorrows upon brave men's hearts,  
A woman was the cause.

HELENA.

Horrible creature !  
The boar, I mean . . Didst thou not see the Twins ?



## ACHILLES.

I saw them not ; desirous as I was  
That I might learn from them and practice with  
them

Whatever is most laudable and manly.  
My father, fearing my impetuosity  
(Old men will call it so) and inexperience  
Sent me away. Soothsayers had foretold  
Some mischief to me from an arrow-wound :  
Among the brakes an arrow may fly wide,  
Glancing from trees.

## HELENA.

Hadst thou but seen the Twins!  
Tho 'twere but once. The Sun will never shine  
With his bright eyes upon such youths again.  
Ah my brave brothers ! how they tended me !  
How loved me ! often wishing me to mount  
Each his horse first : they made me poise and hurl  
Their javelins : they would teach me archery . .  
But they could only teach me to swim with them :  
It gratified me rather to be prais'd  
For anything than swimming.

Happy hours !

Soon over ! does then happiness depart  
Sooner than beauty ? Surely it might stay  
That little while.

Dear Kastor ! Polydeukes  
Stil dearer ! often shall I think of you  
As you were, and as I was, on the bank  
Of the Eurotas.

ACHILLES.

Is there not at home  
One once as dear ?

HELENA.

Ah poor Hermione !  
A babe was she who could not play with me,  
Yet 'twas my pride and pleasure to survey  
Her roseate fingers on my unrobed breast :  
And I could almost envy then the goat  
That stamp'd and feebly cried to give her milk.  
My brothers teased her for it, wicked pair !  
Terrible, and almost as beautiful  
As thou art. Be not wroth ; blush not for me.

ACHILLES.

Helena ! Helena of Menelaos !  
My mother is reported to have left  
About me only one part vulnerable ;  
I have at last found where it is. Farewell !

HELENA.

O leave me not ! I do beseech, I implore,  
Leave me not thus alone ! these solitudes  
Are terrible : wild beasts must roam among them ;  
There certainly are Fauns and Satyrs, there  
Cybele, who bears towers upon her head,  
Abhorring Aphrodite, persecuting  
All those *she* favors ; and her priests so cruel  
That they are cruel even to themselves.

She sees grim lions yoked before her car  
And hears their dismal roar, and sits serene.

## ACHILLES.

They who have brought thee hither in a cloud  
Will reconduct thee in a cloud, unseen  
And safely, to the city : be thou sure.  
Daughter of Leda and of Zeus, farewell !  
Not even this arm could save thee if our host  
Saw thee descending, trust the Gods who can,  
The Gods who sent me hither to announce  
That Helena shall close her eyes in Greece.

## CORYTHOS.

CENONE had been weeping, but the blast  
Bitterly cold had dried her tears, for high  
Upon the mountain stood she, where the grass  
Was short and dry, and where the fir-tree cones  
Roll'd as the whirlwind rusht along the down.  
Thence she beheld the walls and temples doom'd  
So soon to fall, and view'd her husband's roof,  
(Hers he was once, altho another's now)  
And call'd their Corythos from out the wood.

“Go,” said she, “go, my child! there is at Troy  
One who, without thy mother, may love *thee*.  
Thy father lives . . alas! lives unaware  
How few before him lie his destined days :  
For now from Lemnos Philoctetes comes  
And brings with him the deadly shafts bequeath'd  
By Hercules, wherewith, the Fates have sung,  
Paris must perish and the city fall.  
Hated thou wilt not be by her he loves,  
Altho no child she ever bore to him  
And thou art mine, if thou canst but delay  
The hour foredoom'd : he may remember days  
Of other times, and how serene they were,  
Days when the poplar on its bark retain'd  
Two names inscribed by him, and when invoked  
Was Xanthos to bear witness to his vow.  
When his lost son hath saved him, and he knows  
He may not be ungrateful, but become  
The kinder father for unkindness past.”

She mingled kisses with o'erflowing tears,  
Embraced him, then consigned him . . not at once . .

To Agelaos : he was oft recall'd,  
And urged with admonitions fresh and fresh  
To keep as distant as was possible  
From wave sail-whitened and insidious shore,  
And every spot where Argive rampires rose.

Downward, thro crags and briars they wend their  
way.

Fixt to the place, she heard not long the shout  
Of Corythos, nor outcry of shrill birds  
He pelted, whooping ; then she turn'd around  
Toward her mountain home, and thus exclaim'd . .

“ Mountains and woods, the birthplace of my  
child,

I see ye yet ! he, dearer to my eyes,  
Is lost to them ! Paris, once gone, return'd  
No more to me ! alas ! nor love remains  
Nor pledge of love ! not only have I lost  
Him who might bring again to me past hours  
By countenance, by mien, by sound of laugh,  
By words persuasive, when presaging fear  
Darkened my brow, that cause was none for grief,  
I have lost here . . how little if success  
Follow the loss ! . . all solace, all support !  
All things beside are just the same around.  
Xanthos and Simöis tremble at the touch  
Of early morning ; then approaches me  
Tenedos, one unbroken mass distinct,  
And sidelong surges overleap the cliffs.  
I am changed nothing ; nothing can I change :  
Such is the life of Nymphs ; it must not cease,  
Nor must the comeliness of youth decay.

Wretched ! what look I back on ? that frail gift

And fugitive, which others grasp, I mourn.

Ænone ! O Ænone ! beauteous once  
He thought thee ; he whom thou wilt ever hold  
Beauteous and dear, now sees thee like the snow  
That lost its colour in a southern gale.

How easy is it to snap off the bud  
Of tender life, and sow upon a breast  
Laid open ineradicable cares !  
How soon droops youth when faith, that propt it,  
    fails !

How often in her anguish would the maid  
Recall irrevocable hours, and grieve  
Most for the man whose future grief she sees !

Asteropè, my sister ! happy thou  
In him who loves but one ! canst thou believe  
That Æsacos and Paris are cognate ?  
But him the mild Arisbè bore ; and him,  
Born of a furious River, Hecuba.

I envy not alone the happier wed,  
But even the wretched who avoid the light,  
The unmarried too whose parents turn'd aside  
Their nuptial torch, and widows o'er whose beds  
Black wreaths are drooping ; for the pang that death  
Inflicts, time may, tho time alone, assuage.

Where Nile besprinkles from his lotus-cup  
The nuptial floor ; where sacred Ganges rolls  
Alike inscrutable his vaster stream,  
If Memnon's mother sheds ambrosial tears  
Before the sun arises ; if, ye maids  
Of ocean, in the refuge of your caves  
Ye daily hear your Thetis wail her loss,  
Shunning wise Glaucos, deaf to Triton's shell,

To Doris, and the Nymphs that wait around;  
If maids and matrons wail'd o'er Hector's corse,  
Mangled, and stretcht upon a tardy bier,  
Hector was stil Andromache's, as when  
He drave before him the Achaian host,  
As when he tost his infant to his crest  
And laught that Hector's child could ever fear.

What fault was ever mine, unless to love  
And be deserted, and to pass my nights  
Among the haunts of beasts, where wolves and bears  
Break my first slumber, and my last, with howls,  
And the winds roar incessant from above?  
Perhaps the Gods hereafter may look down  
With gentler eyes, nor deem my fault so great.  
Howe'er it be, may Corythos be blest  
With other days, with better than pursuit  
Of stag, or net thrown over birds when driven  
By cold and hunger to scant oats unhous'd . .  
O may they grant him happier, and forbid  
That children suffer when their sires transgress."

Meanwhile the youth was stopping near the walls,  
And stood there wondering that e'en those, so vast,  
So lofty, had resisted such a host  
Under so many tents on all sides round.  
"But where is that old figtree? where the scene  
Of Hector and Achilles face to face?  
Where that of Venus when she drew the cloud  
Around my father to preserve his life?"

Such were his questions, siezing the guide's hand,  
Hurrying him onward, and entreating him  
Forthwith to lead him into Troy itself,  
Even into Priam's house. Thus Agelaos

Represses him.

“Thy mother’s sole command  
Was *Onward! strait to Helena’s abode.*”

An aged man, who heard the two converse,  
Stopt them.

“O Dardan” cried the impatient boy,  
“Say where dwells Helena?”

With sterner voice  
“Go,” said the Dardan, “the destroyer’s court  
To all is open . . . there it lies : pass on.”  
The youth threw instantly both arms around  
The old man’s neck, and, “Blessed” he exclaim’d,  
“Blessed, to whom my mother’s injuries  
Are hateful ! It is virtue so to hate  
The wicked Spartan. Here none other house  
Than Priam’s will I enter, where with his  
Abides my father, where Andromachè  
Prostrate on earth bemoans her husband slain,  
While that bold wanton, fearing neither Pan  
Nor Zeus, with busy needle works, I ween,  
For other temples golden tapestries,  
Or twitches the shrill harp with nail of Sphynx.”

Many, as they were speaking, past them by.  
One woman, pausing, askt them if the ships  
Could be discern’d from Ida whence they came,  
And whether favorable were the winds  
For their departure : to the eld she spake,  
But gazed upon the youth : he saw her cheeks  
Redden and pale : his guide too, not unmoved,  
Thought, if in Ilion be such beauty, who  
Would turn a glance elsewhere, tho all the Gods  
And all the Goddesses might promise more ?



Now saw the youth, nor had he seen til now,  
The maidens following her ; their vests succinct,  
Their hair close-braided ; faultless all in form,  
All modest in demeanour. Not so fast  
The motion of his heart when rusht the boar  
Into his toils, and knotty cornel spear  
Whiz'd as it struck the bristles, and the tusks  
Rattled with knashing rage thro boiling blood.

Whither were going they, she gently askt.  
"To where Assaracos and Ilos dwelt,"  
Replied the elder, "where dwells Paris now."  
Then she, "The way is safer shown by us,  
And sooner will ye find him when he leaves  
The citadel. At early dawn he heard  
A clamour from the coast ; and soon a skiff  
Was seen : an old man landed ; one alone  
Came with him ; 'twas Odysseus ; more behind.  
Soon roam'd the sailors, culling on the coast  
Bay and verbena ; soon was every prow  
Glimmering with these unhoped-for signs of peace."

Shaking his head, the Idæan answered thus.  
"Twas surely Philoctetes who arrived.  
The arms he bears were those of Hercules,  
And now the bow of Nessos, and the shafts  
Infected by the Hydra, come against  
The falling city of Laomedon."

Struck by the words she heard, the more she wisht  
To hear, the quicker went she on, and bade  
Her damsels hasten too : she did look back,  
Yet hasten'd. The Idæan strangers moved  
Tardily now thro crowds who stood before  
The house of Hector : there they stood ; there came

Widows and maids and matrons, carrying  
Honey (the outraged Manes to appease)  
And children on their shoulders, who lookt up,  
Stretching their eyes, stretching their bodies out  
To see their equal-aged Astyanax.

The older and the younger wept alike  
At the morn silence : all things were laid waste  
Around the roof-tree of their hero's house.

The palace now they reach where Paris dwelt ;  
They wonder at the wide and lofty dome,  
The polisht columns and the brazen forms  
Of heroes and of Gods, and marble steps,  
And valves resounding at the gates unbarr'd.  
They enter them. What ivory ! and what gold !  
What breathing images depicted there !  
Dædalos had enricht the Cretan king  
With divers ; and his daughter when she fled  
With Theseus, who had slain the Minotaur,  
Brought part away within his hollow ship ;  
And these were Helena's : a scient hand  
Drew her, the fairest, foremost into light  
Among the girls she danced with, while the Gods  
Of heaven and ocean gazed on her alone.  
Above them sate the Sire of all, and nigh  
She who on Cypros landed from her shell ;  
Curl'd conchs less bright the round-eyed Tritons blew.

Helena sent for Paris : what had said  
The shepherd she related, but one fact  
Repressing . . who the mother of the boy,  
And whom the boy resembled. Such was once  
Paris, the guest of Sparta ; but ten years  
Had cull'd and carried off the flower of youth.

She thought not in these moments of his flight  
Inglorious from the spear of Diomed,  
Of nearer peril thought she; he, reclined  
Upon his purple couch, her fear controll'd.

“No Philoctetes is arrived, afar  
Sits he, alone upon the Lesbian rock,  
Heavy with mortal wound; a wing drives off  
The beasts from worrying their expected prey,  
Often he waves it o'er his weary head  
Lest vulture settle on it, often sees  
The brazen breast of eagle close above,  
Too weak his voice to scare it off, too weak  
His groans, tho louder. Thinkest he who bore  
All this from faithless friend, who sits athirst,  
Ahungered, on the beach, who bends his ear  
Down to the earth and hears the pulse of oars  
Fainter and fainter, and the seaman's song  
Lively as ever, and while he bemoans  
His wasting and immedicable wound . .  
What can Lernæan arrow do against us?  
Grant, if that far-famed bowman limp across  
The heavy sands crisp with Achaian gore,  
Year after year, in flakes not washt away,  
Where lies our danger? He but comes to find  
Broken the chariot that had drag'd along  
Hector, the blackened pyre where Ajax lies,  
The corslet of Patroclos. Lo, O Troy!  
Those mighty hands that threaten now thy fall!  
Now is the time for us to turn our backs,  
To leave our heritage, to leave the fane  
Of Pallas, fane inviolate till now,  
The roofs that Neptune helpt her to erect,

And over which Apollo, shining forth  
And shouting and exhorting, bent his bow.  
An old man bears an older on his back,  
Odysseus Philoctetes. Aye, 'tis time,  
My Helena, our footsteps to retrace  
Toward Mycænai : let us bear away  
Our household Gods, by former wars unmoved . .  
Carry thou the Palladion in thy breast  
That trembles so with pious fear, and bring  
Gifts to Diana on Taygetos !  
The rampire of the Achaians is o'erthrown ;  
The Myrmidons are scattered ; every tent  
Lies open . . that is little . . for, behold !  
A lame man wins the race and grasps the prize !  
While dark invidious Heré exercised  
Her hatred on her judge, and arm'd the son  
Of Tydeus, and while Ajax rear'd his shield  
Covered with seven bull-hides, and Nereid-born  
The proud Æmonian shook Aetion's towers,  
Thy fears, even then, I might, in jest, rebuke.  
On me no prowess have the Gods bestow'd ?  
No Venus, no Apollo, favored *me* ! ”

Her failing spirits with derisive glee  
And fondness he refresht : her anxious thoughts  
Followed, and upon Corythos they dwelt.  
Often he met her eyes, nor shun'd they his,  
For, royal as she was and born of Zeus,  
She was compassionate, and bow'd her head  
To share her smiles and griefs with those below.  
All in her sight were level, for she stood  
High above all within the seagirt world.  
At last she questioned Corythos what brought

His early footsteps thro such dangerous ways,  
And from abode so peaceable and safe.  
At once he told her why he came : she held  
Her hand to him : now first was he ashamed  
Not to have hated her : he looks, he sighs,  
He hangs upon her words . . what gentle words !  
How chaste her countenance.

“ What open brows  
The brave and beauteous ever have !” said she,  
“ But even the hardest, when above their heads  
Death is impending, shudder at the sight  
Of barrows on the sands and bones exposed  
And whitening in the wind, and cypresses  
From Ida waiting for dissever'd friends.”

## CORYTHOS.

## (SECOND PART.)

HELENA long had pondered, at what hour  
To charm her Paris with the novel sight  
Of such a son, so like him.

Seldom bears

A beauteous mother beauteous progeny,  
Nor fathers often see such semblances  
As Corythos to his. To mortal man  
Rarely the Gods grant the same blessing twice ;  
They smile at incense, nor give ear to prayer.  
With this regretful thought her mind recurs  
To one so infantine, one left behind  
At morning, from the breast she just had warm'd.  
“ Will no one ever tell me what thou art,  
Hermionè ! how grows thy destined spouse  
Orestes.”

Now invade her other cares  
How to retain her Paris . . oft she wisht  
She had a boy like Corythos . . at least  
Hers she would make him by all tenderness,  
Atoning, if atonement there could be,  
For what his mother by her crime sustain'd . .  
But was it not decreed so from above ?  
She argued . . and remorse was thus appeas'd.

Then Agelaos call'd she, and besought.  
“ Perform, O Agelaos, my request.

Two youths have been entrusted to thy care,  
Paris and Corythos : one care is mine.  
Already hast thou seen the torch extinct  
That threatened Troy, and strong as be thy wish

Again to press thy earlier pupil's hand,  
Be not thou overhasty : let a son  
Receive a father's blessing quite alone."  
Then he. "Not different were the wise commands  
His mother gave me. Should I see the man  
I left a child, he might not recognise  
Old Agelaos in these wrinkled cheeks,  
These temples sprinkled now with hoary hair,  
These limbs now slow, this voice and spirit weak ;  
Nor haply would the prince be overjoyed  
To know his servant had outrun his lord  
In virtue's path : my help the royal heir  
Wants not ; but Corythos may want it, him  
Never until death parts us will I leave."

Revolving in her mind a thousand schemes,  
She now decided that her guest should come  
Before his father when the harp and wine  
Open the breast, and the first lamps were lit  
To show the dauntless unsuspecting youth ;  
She oftentimes had thought of it before,  
And now the day was come.

The Trojans turn'd

Again to strains of intermitted glee,  
Not unafraid, however, of reproof  
Tho mild ; the times had so debased the lyre,  
And for heroic deeds of better men,  
It tinkled now, in city and in camp,  
With little else than weak lasciviousness,  
Until its strings were stifled with applause.  
Helena heard not such complacently ;  
Adultrous as she was, she had not lost  
The early bloom of Spartan modesty.

Around the chamber shone the images

Of boys and maidens robed in vest succinct,  
And holding burnisht lamps, whence incence wreath'd  
Its heavy cloud whitened with cedar oil,  
And under them the purple seats gleam'd forth,  
And over was the residence of Gods,  
And nectar-bearing youth, in light serene.

Helena, now impatient of delay,  
Looks often out the portal's tissued folds  
Heavy with fringe of interwoven gold,  
And often stops when even Paris speaks,  
Listening, but not to Paris as before,  
And, once or twice, half springing from her seat.

Now enters Corythos : the splendors round  
Amaze him, and one image strikes him dumb,  
His lofty sire's : he would advance, but awe  
Withholds him : he can only fix his gaze  
On Helena.

When Paris first percieves  
A stranger, of fresh age and ardent mien,  
Advance, then hesitate, and then retreat  
Disturb'd and trembling, voiceless, motionless,  
Nameless, and without call or office there,  
And when he sees the purple robe he wears,  
Woven by Helena in former days,  
Perhaps too for the man she since had loved,  
A thousand furies rush into his breast,  
He tears it off, he hurls it on the ground,  
He strikes with rapid sword, the face, the neck,  
The bosom, of his child, and with his heel  
Stamps on the hands in vain to heaven uprais'd,  
And hears, infuriate wretch ! but bubbling blood,  
And one loud female shriek . . *Thy child ! thy child !*



## PELEUS AND THETIS.

THETIS.

O PELEUS ! whom the Gods have given me  
For all my happiness on earth, a bliss  
I thought too great. . .

PELEUS.

Why sighest thou ? why shed  
Those tears ? why sudden silence ? our last tears  
Should then have fallen when the Fates divided us,  
Saying, earth is not thine ; that he who rules  
The waters call'd thee. Bitter those that flow  
Between the loved and loving when they part,  
And ought to be ; woe to the inhuman wretch  
Who wishes they were not : but such as fall  
At the returning light of blessed feet  
Should be refreshing and divine as morn.

THETIS.

Support me, O support me in thy arms  
Once more, once only. Lower not thy cheek  
In sadness ; let me look into thine eyes ;  
Tho the heavens frown on us, they, now serene,  
Threaten us no fresh sorrow . . *us ?* ah me !  
The word of Zeus is spoken : our Achilles  
Discovered, borne away in the Argive ships  
To Aulis, froward youth ! his fearless heart  
Had bounded faster than those ships to Troy.  
Ah ! surely there are some among the Gods

Or Goddesses who might have, knowing all,  
Forewarn'd thee.

Were there neither auguries  
Nor dreams to shake off thy security,  
No priest to prophecy, no soothsayer ?  
And yet what pastures are more plentiful  
Than round Larissa ? victims where more stately ?  
Come, touch the altar with me.

Pious man,  
Doth not thy finger even now impress  
The embers of an incense often burnt  
For him, for thee ?

The lowing of the herds  
Are audible, whose leaders lead them forth  
For sacrifice from where Apidanos  
Rises, to where Enipeus widens, lost  
In the sea-beach : and these may yet avail.

## PELEUS.

Alas ! alas ! priests may foretell calamity  
But not avert it : all that they can give  
Are threats and promises and hopes and fears.  
Despond not, long-lost Thetis ! hath no God  
Now sent thee back to me ? why not believe  
He will preserve our son ? which of them all  
Hath he offended ?

## THETIS.

Yet uncertainties,  
Worse than uncertainties, oppress my heart,  
And overwhelm me.

PELEUS.

Thetis ! in the midst  
Of all uncertainties some comfort lies,  
Save those which even perplex the Gods on high  
And which confound men the most godlike . . love,  
Despond not so. Long may Achilles live  
Past our old-age . . *ours* ? had I then forgot,  
Dazed by thy beauty, thy divinity ?

THETIS.

Immortal is thy love, immutable.

PELEUS.

Time without grief might not have greatly changed  
me.

THETIS.

There is a loveliness which wants not youth,  
And which the Gods may want, and sometimes do.  
The soft voice of compassion is unheard  
Above ; no shell of ocean is attuned  
To that voice there ; no tear hath ever dropt  
Upon Olympus.

Fondly now as ever  
Thou lookest, but more pensively ; hath grief  
Done this, and grief alone ? tell me at once,  
Say have no freshly fond anxieties . . .

PELEUS.

Smile thus, smile thus anew. Ages shall fly  
Over my tomb while thou art flourishing

In youth eternal, the desire of Gods,  
The light of Ocean to its lowest deep,  
The inspirer and sustainer here on earth  
Of ever-flowing song.

THETIS.

I bless thy words  
And in my heart will hold them ; Gods who see  
Within it may desire me, but they know  
I have loved Peleus. When we were so happy  
They parted us, and, more unmerciful,  
Again unite us in eternal woe.

PELEUS.

Powerfuller than the elements their will,  
And swifter than the light, they may relent,  
For they are mutable, and thou mayst see  
Achilles every day and every hour.

THETIS.

Alas ! how few ! . . I see him in the dust,  
In agony, in death, I see his blood  
Along the flints, his yellow hair I see  
Darken'd, and flapping a red stream, his hand  
Unable to remove it from the eyes.  
I hear his voice . . his voice that calls on *me*.  
I could not save him ; and he would have left  
The grotts of Nereus, would have left the groves  
And meadows of Elysium, bent on war.

PELEUS.

Yet Mars may spare him. Troy hath once been won.

THETIS.

Perish he must, perish at Troy, and now.

PELEUS.

The *now* of Gods is more than life's duration ;  
Other Gods, other worlds, are form'd within it.  
If he indeed must perish, and at Troy,  
His ashes will lie softly upon hers,  
Thus fall our beauteous boy, thus fall Achilles.  
Songs such as Keiron's harp could never reach  
Shall sound his praises, and his spear shall shine  
Over far lands, when even our Gods are mute.

THETIS.

Over his head nine years had not yet past  
When in the halls of Tethys these were words  
Reiterated oftenest . . . *O thou brave*  
*Golden-hair'd son of Peleus !* What a heap  
Of shells were broken by impatient Nymphs  
Because of hoarseness rendering them unfit  
For their high symphonies ! and what reproofs  
Against some Tritons from their brotherhood  
For breaking by too loud a blast the slumber  
Of those who, thinking of him, never slept.  
To me appear'd the first light of his eyes,  
The dayspring of the world ; such eyes were thine  
At our first meeting on the warm sea-shore.

Why should youth linger with me ? why not come  
Age, and then death ? The beast of Kalydon  
Made his impetuous rush against this arm  
No longer fit for war nor for defence

Of thy own people ; is the day come too  
When it no longer can sustain thy Thetis ?  
Protend it not toward the skies, invoke not,  
Name not, a Deity ; I dread them all.  
No ; lift me not above thy head, in vain  
Reproving them with such an awful look,  
A look of beauty which they will not pity,  
And of reproaches which they may not brook.

## PELEUS.

Doth not my hand now, Thetis, clasp that foot  
Which seen the Powers of ocean cease to rage,  
Indignant when the brood of *Æolus*  
Disturbs their rest ? If that refreshing breath  
Which now comes over my unquiet head  
Be not the breath of immortality,  
If Zeus hath any thunderbolt for it,  
Let this, beloved Thetis, be the hour !

## THE ESPOUSALS OF POLYXENA.

“THY blood, O pious maiden! shall remain  
In thy own city; and thou shalt survive  
Its foe who now espouses thee.”

The song

Of the three Sisters in three voices sang  
These words, so comforting a mother's heart  
To her Polyxena; and from the shrine  
Of Thymbra, from Apollo's mouth the same  
When she had led her thither.

“Future days

Of peace and happiness,” said she “expand  
Before thee, and thou seest them not, O child!  
Pious, yet even by that God's voice unmoved.  
Behold! how bright the sky! how sweet the air  
Breathes round about us! sweet when we came forth,  
But how much balmier now! the flowers arise  
Under the spring's first dust, as if no foot  
Of foe had trampled them, and sip the dew  
Joyous as if they felt thy wedding-day.  
Continuous heaps extend along the plain,  
Heaps where one briar binds more than one below,  
Foes lately, now united evermore.”

“I see the flowers, I see the sepulchres”

Polyxena said sighing, “and I feel  
The breeze, no balmier than it breath'd before:  
That tepid moisture which the plants inhale  
Was theirs; and ah! those flowers were Trojan blood.  
Not other now shines forth thy light, O sun,  
Than when the Achaian anchors graspt our strand

Amid the clamor of the host, amid  
Cars rattling on the stony beach, and shields  
Struck in defiance. Ah! nor otherwise  
When every God left Hector”

Here she wept,

Here wept the mother too.

“But why thus break  
Silence, if only to make way for grief?  
I had ceast almost so deeply to bemoan  
My children when Achilles was defence,  
Not terror, to us all. Canst thou refuse  
To see the Gods now with him, friends to Troy?  
King above kings, rich with ancestral stores,  
And now about to bring all Asia bound  
Into Mycenai, and, despite of Mars,  
Polyxena, thee now doth he prefer  
To all these glories: ere they yet were won,  
Iphigeneia never had declined  
His proffer'd hand while yet his shield was white,  
Nor had the Nereid, she from whom he sprang,  
Brought the Vulcanian armure he now bears.  
Him born of Gods and worthy to beget  
Their semblances, rejectest thou? She shed  
Her blood upon the altar that thy hand  
Might rescue Troy. Thou fearest the wild wail  
Of our Cassandra; if there must be fear,  
Is not Achilles what thou mightest dread?”

Briefly the yielding daughter thus replied,  
“Whether the Gods command me, as they do,  
To wed, or whether to be bound a slave,  
I follow the behest: where no disgrace  
No hardship is . . but let me weep awhile.



I will, O mother ! yes, I will obey  
A parent . . for this also they command,  
Hoping they may recall or may remitt  
This one decree. Must I be given up  
To him behind whose wheels my brother's corse  
Was drag'd along, drag'd while his breast yet heaved  
And plowed and fill'd the furrow with his blood.  
Oh ! on this very ground our feet now press  
Plighted are nuptial vows ! are Gods invoked !  
Thanksgivings offered them ! Oh ! pardon grief  
That nothing can abate : what can the Gods  
Do now to lighten it ?

Ye mouldering heaps  
Which friendly hands heapt up and covered o'er  
With turf, not solid yet ; where cypresses,  
Green lately, drop their hard and withered leaves ;  
And ye that cover corsees numberless  
In happier union, ye but separate  
The resting soul from soul that knows not rest.  
I gave my promise ; thus Apollo will'd ;  
Let then his oracles, by me observ'd,  
Bring (to me never !) to my country peace."

Hecuba gaspt for breath, tears gushing down,  
" O my last child ! my only hope in life !  
Cried she, " unmerited unhop'd-for weal  
Restorest thou : not what thy terror feigns  
Wilt thou soon find him : his stern heart relents  
At Priam's sad reverses ; he beholds  
A house the Gods have visited and deign'd  
To share its hospitality ; he looks  
With pity and with fondness on thy youth  
And beauty ; else he never would hold out

His hand in amity, nor blandly take  
What he could tear away : beside, he fears  
That thou, beyond the reach of his revenge  
(Unlike Brisëis whom his sword reclaim'd)  
Shouldst be by equal lot another's prey.  
For long ago he saw our certain fate,  
Deriding the Palladion, nor afraid  
Of any Gods, when Gods saw Hector fall."  
Another, not a happier, morn arose.

Under the walls of Dardanos a plain  
Lies open : it was covered now with crowds  
Even to the root of Ida, past the banks  
Of those two stony rivers, since alike  
Rendered immortal by immortal song.  
Unwearied, tho grown hoary under arms,  
And from the omen fondly hoping peace,  
Commingled with the Trojans, in the fane  
Of their Apollo, the Achaïans held  
Stern silence, or in whispers a discourse  
That varied. Some regretted the delay  
Of the doom'd city ; some dared blame the king,  
And some Peleides ; others muttered words  
On treachery, then on bribes, and knew the tent  
That covered them stow'd carefully from sight.

Hither came Priam ; slower came behind  
His aged consort, and her sons, now few ;  
Prodigal had the rest been of their blood.  
The wives of the survivors hither came,  
All deeply veil'd and all with brow abased.  
Hither they once had come led joyfully  
Mid hymenæal song, by hands now cold :  
Alone at home remain'd, and tried to wear

Away with restless spindle the sad hour,  
Andromache, oft chided by her child.

In every street of the wide city, throngs  
Rusht forth impatiently to see the shields  
So long opposed to them, and helmets caught  
Before by glimpses only thro the dust.

Close to the altar of the placid God  
Polyxena held tightly by the arm  
Achilles, and scarce knew it ; beautiful  
Above her sister, beautiful almost  
As Helena herself ; so white that brow,  
So pure the luster of those gentle eyes.

Cassandra suddenly with horrid scream  
Rushes beyond the congregated host . .  
All tremble, all are stricken mute, as when  
Enters some Deity. She speaks, alone,  
And not her words speaks she, but words compell'd.

“ Sister, believest thou the Destinies  
Are friendly to thee ? Sister ! turn thine eyes  
Back from this temple, turn them on the walls  
Poseidon aided by Apollo rais'd.

In vain hath Pallas dwelt within . . I see  
Prodigies, I see arms and flames o'er-ride  
The ancient towers ; Xanthos and Simoeis  
I see run swifter now with streams of blood,  
And heroes rising heavily from wounds,  
And ruin following when the battles cease.  
O flower ! upon what altar art thou laid,  
Cull'd by Thessalian hand ! why, ere the torch  
Be lighted, flames so the Sigæan shore  
And Tenedos the level ray prolongs ?  
Fly ! let us fly ! Citheron calls aloud ;

Sound the Chaonian towers, resound the horns  
Of Achelöos, and, high up above,  
The thunder-rent Keraunian rocks reply.  
Hearest thou not the marble manger crack  
Under the monster's jaw ? it scales our walls  
And human voices issue from its bulk ?  
Why then delay ? why idle words ? Arise  
My parents ! . . turn, ah ! turn away the sight  
From those Bistonian, those betraying realms.  
Why, Polydoros, callest thou ? why waves  
A barren cornel o'er a recent tomb  
While the loose pebbles tinkle down the base ?  
Me neither tears nor madness are vouchsafed ;  
Do thou, devoted sister ! now thy chains  
Are taken off that thy pure blood may flow  
More readily, step back one little step  
From where thou sittest on the fagot ; come  
And give me, all I hope, one last embrace.

Oh spare her thou ! And thee too I implore,  
Pyrrhos ! Oh, by the manes of thy sire !  
Haste forward. She deserves it not, no crime  
Is hers. This only my last breath implores."

Uttering such words her maidens drew her home.  
Another noise was heard within the fane.  
Silent and dark an arrow from across  
Amid the tumult struck the heroe's heel,  
And, passing thro and thro, the brazen point  
Rang on the marble floor. The chiefs around  
Wonder to see the weapon and small bead  
Of blood : they sieze their spears, and tear away  
The olive and verbena from their crests  
And stamp them underfoot : not Priam's voice

Was heard, who gathering dust with desperate  
grasp

Strew'd with it his grey hairs ; nor was the bride  
Heeded, tho sinking as if into death.

Achilles neither helpt her nor required  
Help for himself ; aware the day was come,  
Foretold him : he with failing voice repress  
The wrath of his compeers, yet strong enough  
Thus to command.

“ Lay ye your arms aside ;  
Let none avenge Achilles but his son.  
Alkimos and Automedon ! detain  
Within our tent the Myrmidons : my voice  
They might no longer mind who see me now,  
Fallen ignobly . . Ajax ! Diomed !  
Leave here a corse not worth a beast alive,  
Or hide it where no Trojan may rejoice.  
Ah ! must his herds then graze upon my grave !

Let not thy tears drop over me, whoe'er  
Thou art upon my left ! my eyes of iron  
See none, see nothing . . take those friendly arms  
From off my shoulder . . they now weary me  
And weary you with their too vain support.  
Not that Larissa in a quiet tomb  
Holds my brave ancestors grieve I, O Death,  
Not that my mother will lament my loss,  
Lone in the bower of Tethys, for a while ;  
I grieve that Troy should ever thus exult  
Without more slaughter of her faithless race.  
Open the turf, remove the blackened boughs,  
And let the urn of Menætiades  
Take my bones too.

Launch from this hateful strand  
The bark that bore us hither.

With the leave  
Of your Atreides . . send for . . now at play  
In Ptheiai, and expecting the return  
Of playmate . . my own Pyrrhos, my brave boy . .  
To bring destruction with the Pelian spear.

Hear ye my voice ? or with its pants and gasps  
Expires it, and decieves me ?

I forget . .  
Such is the mist of mind that hangs on me . .  
What are the orders I have given, and what  
My wishes yet unspoken : be not ye  
Forgetful of me as I am of these ;  
Sure, although Orcos drags my wounded limbs  
Beneath, the Shades shall know and fear me there.

Pyrrhos ! my child, my far-off child, farewell !  
Whose care shall train thy youth ? What Keiron  
stoop

To teach thee wisdom ? what parental hands  
Be loud in the applauses thou shalt win  
For lyre, for javelin, for Thessalian car  
Seen above others in the foremost dust."

## DEATH OF PARIS AND CENONE.

CLOSED had the darkened day of Corythos.

When Agelaos heard the first report,  
Curses he uttered on the stepmother,  
Fewer on Paris by her spells enthrall'd,  
For in the man he now but saw the child,  
Ingenuous, unsuspecting. He resolved  
To hasten back to Ida, praying death  
To come and intercept him on the way.  
What tale to tell CEnone ! and what thanks  
From parent at a prosperous son's return,  
Anxiously hoped for after many years,  
Last gift of wife deserted, now deprived  
Of him whose voice, whose gesture, day and night  
Brought the beloved betrayer back again  
Into her closing and unclosing eyes,  
And sometimes with her child upon the knee  
Of her who knew him not, nor cared to know.  
Grief and indignant virtue wrung her breast  
When she repeated to the fond old man  
Such intermingled and such transcendent joys ;  
But when she met him on his sad return  
Ida was hateful in her eyes, for there  
Love bore such bitter and such deadly fruit.

When Paris knew the truth, on cheek supine  
And cold a thousand kisses he imprest,  
Weeping and wailing ; he would expiate  
(If expiation there might ever be)  
The murderous deed : he built up high a pyre  
Of fragrant cedar, and in broken voice

Call'd on the name, a name he knew so late.  
"O Corythos! my son! my son!" he cried,  
And smote his breast and turn'd his eyes away;  
Grief wrencht him back, grief that impell'd him on,  
But soon return'd he, resolute to catch  
The fleeting ashes and o'ertake the winds;  
So from the brittle brands he swept away  
The whiter ashes, placed them in their urn,  
And went back slowly, often went alone  
In the still night beneath the stars that shed  
Light on a turf not solid yet, above  
The priceless treasure there deposited.  
Achaïans, wandering on the shore, observ'd  
His movements thither, Laertiades,  
Epeos, and that hero last arrived,  
Pæantios, catching the cool air with gasps.  
There rose the foss before them: they advanced  
From the Sigæan side thro copse and brake  
Along the winding dell of darker shade,  
Awaiting Paris.

Under a loose string  
Rattles a quiver; and invisibly  
Hath flown an arrow, and a shout succeeds;  
No voices answer it. One listens, groans,  
Calls for his foe; but calls not any God's  
Or any mortal's aid; he raves, and rests  
Upon his elbow. Back thro the soft sands  
They from their ambush hasten, for no shield,  
No helmet had they taken, no defence.  
Below his knee the arrow has transfixt  
The pulp, and hindered all pursuit; in vain  
Strove he to tear it out; his vigorous arm



Could only break the arrow ; blood flow'd hot  
Where he would wrench it.

All night thro, he roll'd

His heavy eyes ; he saw the lamps succede  
Each other in the city far below,  
He saw them in succession dim and die.  
In the fresh morn, when iron light awakes  
The gentle cattle from their brief repose,  
His menials issue thro the nearer fields  
And groves adjacent to explore their lord,  
And lastly (where perchance he might be found)  
Nearer the pointed barrow of his son.  
Thither ran forward that true-hearted race  
Which cheers the early morn, and shakes the frost  
From stiffened herbs, which lies before the gate  
Alike of rich and poor, but faithful most  
To the forsaken and afflicted, came  
And howl'd and croucht and lickt their master's face,  
And now unchided mixt their breath with his.

When man's last day is come, how clear are all  
The former ones ! Now appear manifest  
Neglected Gods, now Sparta's Furies rise,  
Now flames the fatal torch of Hecuba  
Portended at his birth, but deem'd extinct  
Until that arrow sped across the tombs  
Of heroes, by a hand unseen, involves  
In flame and smoke the loftiest tower of Troy.  
Such were the thoughts that vanisht like a mist,  
And thee, CEnone, thee alone he sees,  
He sees thee under where the grot was strown  
With the last winter leaves, a couch for each,  
Sees thee betroht, deserted, desolate,

Childless . . how lately not so ! what avail  
The promises of Gods ? false ! false as mine !

“ Seek out, ye trusty men, seek out,” said he,  
“ The Nymph CEnone : tell her that I lie  
Wounded to death : tell her that I implore  
Her pardon, not her aid.”

They, when they reacht  
High up the hill the woodland's last recess,  
And saw her habitation, saw the door  
Closed, and advancing heard deep groans, which  
brought  
Even to the sill her favorite doe and stag  
Springing before them with defiant breasts,  
They paus'd ; they entered ; few and slow the words  
They brought with them, the last they heard him  
speak.

Briefly she answered with her face aside.

“ I could not save my child ; one who could save  
Would not.”

Thick sobs succeeded.

Tw'as not long  
Ere down the narrow and steep path are heard  
The pebbles rattling under peasants' feet,  
Whose faces the dense shrubs at every side  
Smite as they carry on his bier the man  
Who thinks his journey long ; 'twas long to him  
Wounded so grievously, to him about  
To close his waning day, before his eyes  
Might rest on hers and mix with hers his tears.  
How shall he meet her ?

Where the rocks were clear  
Of ivy, more than once the trace is seen

Of name or verse, the hunter's idle score  
Indifferent to pursue the chase ; and where  
There was a leveler and wider track  
He might remember, if indeed he cared  
For such remembrances, the scene of games  
At quoit or cestus closed by dance and feast.  
He drew both hands before his face, and wept,  
And those who carried him, and found him faint  
And weary, placed their burden on the ground,  
And with averted faces they wept too.

Cenone came not out ; her feet were fixt  
Upon the threshold at the opened door,  
Her head turn'd inward that her tears might fall  
Unseen by stranger ; but not long unseen  
By Paris : he was in his youth's domains,  
He view'd his earliest home, his earliest loves,  
And heard again his earliest sighs, and hers.

"After how many and what years !" he cried,  
"Return I, O Cenone ! thus to thee !"

She answered not ; no anger, no reproach ;  
For, hours before, she prayed the Eumenides  
That they would, as befits the just, avenge  
The murder of her Corythos ; she prayed  
That she might never have the power to help  
The cruel father in the hour of need.

A voice now tells her from her inmost heart,  
Voice never, to the listener, indistinct,  
It is not granted to so wild a prayer.  
Weary of light and life, again she prayed.

"Grant me, O Zeus ! what thou alone canst grant.  
Is death too great a boon ? too much for me,  
A wretched Nymph, to ask ? bestow it now."

When she had spoken, on the left was heard  
Thunder, and there shone flame from sky serene ;  
Now on her child and father of her child  
Equally sad and tender were her thoughts ;  
She saw them both in one, and wept the more.  
Heedless and heartless wretch she call'd herself,  
But her whole life, now most, those words belied.

Paris had heard the words, "Those words were  
mine  
Could I have uttered them : wounds make men  
weak,  
Shame makes them weaker : neither knowest thou,  
Pure soul ! one fit for immortality !  
Let us, CEnone, shouldst thou ever die,  
Be here united, here is room for both . .  
Both did I say ? and not for one beside ?  
Oh ! will his ashes ever rest near mine ?"  
To these few words he added these few more.  
"Restrain, CEnone, those heartrending sobs !"  
His he could not restrain, nor deeper groans,  
Yet struggled to console her. "Are not these  
Our true espousals ? Many may have loved  
But few have died together !" Then she shriekt  
"Let me die first, O husband ! Hear my prayer  
Tho the Gods have not heard it ! one embrace !  
Paris is mine at last ; eternally  
Paris is mine.

Oh do not thou, my child,  
Shun or disdain amid the Shades below  
Those who now die, and would have died for thee !  
The gift of Venus I have often mourn'd,  
With this one consolation, that my grief

Could not increase : such consolation lasts  
No longer : punishment far less severe  
Could Heré or could Pallas have decreed  
Than Venus on this Ida, where she won  
A prize so fatal, and to more than me."

The maidens of the mountain came and rais'd  
Her drooping head, and drew from tepid springs  
The water of her grot, and, from above,  
Cedar and pine of tender spray, and call'd  
Her father Cebren : he came forth, and fill'd  
After due sacrifice the larger space  
That was remaining of the recent urn.

Paris had given his faithful friends command,  
Whether the Fates might call him soon or late,  
That, if were found some ashes on his breast,  
Those to the bones they covered be restored.

## MENELAUS AND HELEN AT TROY.

An old attendant deprecates and intercepts his vengeance.

MENELAUS.

Out of my way ! Off ! or my sword may smite thee,  
Heedless of venerable age. And thou,  
Fugitive ! stop. Stand, traitress, on that stair . .  
Thou mountest not another, by the Gods !  
Now take the death thou meritest, the death  
Zeus who presides o'er hospitality,  
And every other god whom thou hast left,  
And every other who abandons thee  
In this accursed city, sends at last.  
Turn, vilest of vile slaves ! turn, paramour  
Of what all other women hate, of cowards,  
Turn, lest this hand wrench back thy head, and toss  
It and its odours to the dust and flames.

HELEN.

Welcome the death thou promisest ! Not fear  
But shame, obedience, duty, make me turn.

MENELAUS.

Duty ! false harlot !

HELEN.

Name too true ! severe  
Precursor to the blow that is to fall,  
It should alone suffice for killing me.

## MENELAUS.

Ay, weep : be not the only one in Troy  
Who wails not on this day . . its last . . the day  
Thou and thy crimes darken with dead on dead.

## HELEN.

Spare ! spare ! O let the last that falls be me !  
There are but young and old.

## MENELAUS.

There are but guilty  
Where thou art, and the sword strikes none amiss.  
Hearest thou not the creeping blood buzz near  
Like flies ? or wouldst thou rather hear it hiss  
Louder, against the flaming roofs thrown down  
Wherewith the streets are pathless ? Ay, but ven-  
geance  
Springs over all ; and Nemesis and Atè  
Drove back the flying ashes with both hands.  
I never saw thee weep till now : and now  
There is no pity in thy tears. The tiger  
Leaves not her young athirst for the first milk,  
As thou didst. Thine could scarce have claspt thy  
knee  
If she had felt thee leave her.

## HELEN.

O my child !  
My only one ! thou livest : 'tis enough ;  
Hate me, abhor me, curse me . . these are duties . .  
Call me but Mother in the shades of death !  
She now is twelve years old, when the bud swells

And the first colours of uncertain life  
Begin to tinge it.

MENELAUS (*aside*).

Can she think of home ?  
Hers once, mine yet, and sweet Hermione's !  
Is there one spark that cheer'd my hearth, one left,  
For thee, my last of love !

Scorn, righteous scorn  
Blows it from me . . but thou mayst . . never, never.  
Thou shalt not see her even there. The slave  
On earth shall scorn thee, and the damn'd below.

HELEN.

Delay not either fate. If death is mercy,  
Send me among the captives ; so that Zeus  
May see his offspring led in chains away,  
And thy hard brother, pointing with his sword  
At the last wretch that crouches on the shore,  
Cry, " She alone shall never sail for Greece !"

MENELAUS.

Hast thou more words ?

Her voice is musical  
As the young maids who sing to Artemis :  
How glossy is that yellow braid my grasp  
Seiz'd and let loose ! Ah ! can then years have past  
Since but the children of the Gods, like them,  
Suffer not age.

Helen ! speak honestly,  
And thus escape my vengeance . . was it force  
That bore thee off ?



HELEN.

It was some evil God.

MENELAUS.

Helping that hated man ?

HELEN.

How justly hated !

MENELAUS.

By thee too ?

HELEN.

Hath he not made *thee* unhappy ?

O do not strike.

MENELAUS.

Wretch !

HELEN.

Strike, but do not speak.

MENELAUS.

Lest thou remember me against thy will.

HELEN.

Lest I look up and see you wroth and sad,  
Against my will ; O ! how against my will  
They know above, they who perhaps can pity.

MENELAUS.

They shall not save thee.

HELEN.

Then indeed they pity.

MENELAUS.

Prepare for death.

HELEN.

Not from that hand: 'twould pain you.

MENELAUS.

Touch not my hand. Easily dost thou drop it!

HELEN.

Easy are all things, do but thou command.

MENELAUS.

Look up then.

HELEN.

To the hardest proof of all  
I am now bidden: bid me not look up.

MENELAUS.

She looks as when I led her on behind  
The torch and fife, and when the blush o'ersprad  
Her girlish face at tripping in the myrtle  
On the first step before the wreathed gate.  
Approach me. Fall not on thy knees.

HELEN.

The hand

That is to slay me, best may slay me thus.  
I dare no longer see the light of heaven.  
Nor thine . . . alas ! the light of heaven to me.

MENELAUS.

Follow me.

She holds out both arms . . . and now  
Drops them again . . . She comes . . . Why stoppest  
thou ?

HELEN.

O Meneläus! could thy heart know mine,  
As once it did . . for then did they converse,  
Generous the one, the other not unworthy . .  
Thou wouldst find sorrow deeper even than guilt.

MENELAUS.

And must I lead her by the hand again ?  
Nought shall persuade me. Never. She draws  
back . . .  
The true alone and loving sob like her.  
Come, Helen ! *[He takes her hand.*

HELEN.

Oh ! let never Greek see this !  
 Hide me from Argos, from Amyclai hide me,  
 Hide me from all.

**MENELAUS.**

Thy anguish is too strong  
For me to strive with.

HELEN.

Leave it all to me.

MENELAUS.

Peace ! peace ! The wind, I hope, is fair for Sparta.

ORESTES AND ELECTRA.

ELECTRA.

PASS on, my brother! she awaits the wretch,  
Dishonorer, despoiler, murderer . . .  
None other name shall name him . . . she awaits  
As would a lover . .

Heavenly Gods! what poison  
O'erflows my lips!

Adulteress! husband-slayer!  
Strike her, the tigress!

Think upon our father . .  
Give the sword scope . . think what a man was he,  
How fond of her! how kind to all about,  
That he might gladden and teach *us* . . how proud  
Of thee, Orestes! tossing thee above  
His joyous head and calling thee his crown.  
Ah! boys remember not what melts our hearts  
And marks them evermore!

Bite not thy lip,  
Nor tramp as an unsteady colt the ground,  
Nor stare against the wall, but think again  
How better than all fathers was our father.  
Go . .

ORESTES.

Loose me then! for this white hand, Electra,  
Hath fastened upon mine with fiercer grasp  
Than mine can grasp the sword.

ELECTRA.

Go, sweet Orestes!

I knew not I was holding thee . . Avenge him!  
 (*Alone.*) How he sprang from me!

. . Sure, he now has reacht  
 The room before the bath . .

The bath-door creaks!  
 . . It hath creakt thus since he . . since thou, O  
 father!

Ever since thou didst loosen its strong valves,  
 Either with all thy dying weight, or strength  
 Agonised with her stabs . .

What plunge was that?  
 Ah me!

. . What groans are those?

ORESTES (*returning*).

They sound through hell  
 Rejoicing the Eumenides.\*

She slew  
 Our father; she made thee the scorn of slaves;  
 Me (son of him who ruled this land and more)  
 She made an outcast . . .

Would I had been so  
 For ever! ere such vengeance . . .

ELECTRA.

O that Zeus

\* An ancient scholiast has recorded that the name of Eumenides was given to these Goddesses after the expiation of Orestes. But Catullus (called the *learned* by his countrymen) represents Ariadne invoking them by this appellation long before the Trojan war. The verses are the most majestic in the Roman language.

Eumenides! quarum anguineis redimita capillis  
 Frons expirantes præportat pectoris iras,  
 Huc, huc adventate! &c.

Had let thy arm fall sooner at thy side  
Without those drops! list! they are audible . .  
For they are many . . from the sword's point falling,  
And down from the mid blade!

Too rash Orestes!  
Couldst thou not then have spared our wretched  
mother?

ORESTES.

The Gods could not.

ELECTRA.

She was not theirs, Orestes.

ORESTES.

And didst not thou . .

ELECTRA.

'Twas I, 'twas I, who did it;  
Of our unhappiest house the most unhappy!  
Under this roof, by every God accurst,  
There is no grief, there is no guilt, but mine.

ORESTES.

Electra! no!

'Tis now my time to suffer . .  
Mine be, with all its pangs, the righteous deed.

## THE MADNESS OF ORESTES.

ORESTES.

Heavy and murderous dreams, O my Electra,  
Have dragged me from myself.

Is this Mycenai ?

Are we . . . are all who should be . . . in our house ?  
Living ? unhurt ? our father here ? our mother ?  
Why that deep gasp ? for 'twas not sigh nor groan.  
She then . . . 'twas she who fell ! when ? how ? beware !  
No, no, speak out at once, that my full heart  
May meet it, and may share with thee in all . .  
In all . . . but that one thing.

It was a dream.

We may share all.

They live ? both live ?

O say it !

ELECTRA.

The Gods have placed them from us, and there rolls  
Between us that dark river . . .

ORESTES.

Blood ! blood ! blood !

I see it roll ; I see the hand above it,  
Imploring ; I see *her*.

Hiss me not back,

Ye snake-hair'd maids ! I will look on ; I will  
Hear the words gurgle thro' that cursed stream,  
And catch that hand . . that hand . . which slew  
my father !



It can not be . . . . how could it slay my father ?  
 Death to the slave who spoke it ! . . slay my father !  
 It tost me up to him to earn a smile,  
 And was a smile then such a precious boon,  
 And royal state and proud affection nothing ?  
 Ay, and thee too, Electra, she once taught  
 To take the sceptre from him at the door . .  
 Not the bath-door, not the bath-door, mind that ! . .  
 And place it in the vestibule, against  
 The spear of Pallas, where it used to stand.  
 Where is it now ? methinks I missed it there.  
 How we have trembled to be seen to move it !  
 Both looking up, lest that stern face should frown  
 Which always gazed on Zeus right opposite.  
 O ! could but one tear more fall from my eyes,  
 It would shake off those horrid visages,  
 And melt them into air.

I am not yours,  
 Fell Goddesses ! A just and generous Power,  
 A bright-hair'd God, directed me.

And thus  
 Abased is he whom such a God inspired !

*(After a pause.)*

Into whose kingdom went they ? did they go  
 Together ?

ELECTRA.

Oh ! they were not long apart.

ORESTES.

I know why thou art pale ; I know whose head  
 Thy flower-like hands have garlanded ; I know

For whom thou hast unbraided all thy love.  
He well deserves it . . . . he shall have it all.  
Glory and love shall crown thee, my brave sister!

## ELECTRA.

I am not she of Sparta. Let me live  
(If live I must, Orestes !) not unnamed  
Nor named too often. Speak no more of love,  
Ill-omen'd and opprobrious in this house . .  
A mother should have had, a father had it,  
O may a brother let it dwell with him,  
Unchangeable, unquestioned, solitary,  
Strengthened and hallowed in the depths of grief!  
Gaze not so angrily . . I dare not see thee,  
I dare not look where comfort should be found.

## ORESTES.

I dare and do behold them all day long,  
And, were that face away so like my mother's,  
I would advance and question and compel them . .  
They hear me and they know it.

## ELECTRA.

Hear me too,  
Ye mighty ones! to me invisible!  
And spare him! spare him! for without the Gods  
He wrought not what he wrought: And are not ye  
Partakers of their counsels and their power?  
O spare the son of him whom ye and they  
Sent against Ilion, to perform your will  
And bid the rulers of the earth be just.

## ORESTES.

And dare they frighten thee too? frighten thee?  
And bend thee into prayer?

Off, hateful eyes!

Look upon me, not her.

Ay, thus; 'tis well.

Cheer, cheer thee, my Electra!

I am strong,

Stronger than ever . . steel, fire, adamant . .

But can not bear thy brow upon my neck,

Can not bear these wild writhings, these loud sobs.

By all the Gods! I think thou art half mad . . .

I must away . . follow me not . . stand there!

## THE PRAYER OF ORESTES.

## ORESTES.

O king Apollo! god Apollo! god

Powerful to smite and powerful to preserve!

If there is blood upon me, as there seems,

Purify that black stain (thou only canst)

With every rill that bubbles from these caves

Audibly; and come willing to the work.

No; 'tis not they; 'tis blood; 'tis blood again

That bubbles in my ear, that shakes the shades

Of thy dark groves, and lets in hateful gleams,

Bringing me . . what dread sight! what sounds  
abhorr'd!

What screams! They are my mother's: 'tis her eye

That through the snakes of those three furies glares,

And makes them hold their peace that she may speak.  
Has thy voice bidden them all forth? There slink  
Some that would hide away, but must turn back,  
And others like blue lightnings bound along  
From rock to rock; and many hiss at me  
As they draw nearer. Earth, fire, water, all  
Abominate the deed the Gods commanded!  
Alas! I came to pray, not to complain;  
And lo! my speech is impious as my deed!

## PRIESTESS OF APOLLO.

Take refuge here amid our Delphian shades,  
O troubled breast!  
Here the most pious of Mycenai's maids  
Shall watch thy rest  
And wave the cooling laurel o'er thy brow,  
Nor insect swarm  
Shall ever break thy slumbers, nor shalt thou  
Start at the alarm  
Of boys infesting (as they do) the street  
With mocking songs,  
Stopping and importuning all they meet,  
And heaping wrongs  
Upon thy diadem'd and sacred head,  
Worse than when base  
Ægisthus (shudder not!) his toils outspread  
Around thy race.  
Altho' even in this fane the fitful blast  
Thou may'st hear roar,  
Thy name among our highest rocks shall last  
For evermore.

## THE DEATH OF ORESTES

ORESTES.

A calm comes over me : life brings it not  
With any of its tides : my end is near.  
O Priestess of the purifying God  
Receive her !\* and when she hath closed mine eyes,  
Do thou (weep not, my father's child !) close hers.

\* Pointing to his sister.

THE SHADES OF AGAMEMNON AND  
IPHIGENEIA.

IPHIGENEIA.

FATHER! I now may lean upon your breast,  
And you with unreverted eyes will grasp  
Iphigeneia's hand.

We are not shades  
Surely! for yours throbs yet.

And did my blood  
Win Troy for Greece?

Ah! 'twas ill done to shrink,  
But the sword gleam'd so sharp, and the good priest  
Trembled, and Pallas frown'd above, severe.

AGAMEMNON.

Daughter!

IPHIGENEIA.

Beloved father! is the blade  
Again to pierce my bosom? 'tis unfit  
For sacrifice; no blood is in its veins;  
No God requires it here; here are no wrongs  
To vindicate, no realms to overthrow.  
You are standing as at Aulis in the fane,  
With face averted, holding (as before)  
My hand; but yours burns not, as then it burn'd;  
This alone shows that we are with the Blest,  
Nor subject to the sufferings we have borne.  
I will win back past kindness.

Tell me then,

Tell how my mother fares who loved me so,  
And griev'd, as 'twere for you, to see me part.  
Frown not, but pardon me for tarrying  
Amid too idle words, nor asking how  
She prais'd us both (which most ?) for what we did.

AGAMEMNON.

Ye Gods who govern here ! do human pangs  
Reach the pure soul thus far below ? do tears  
Spring in these meadows ?

IPHIGENEIA.

No, sweet father, no . . .  
I could have answered that ; why ask the Gods ?

AGAMEMNON.

Iphigeneia ! O my child ! the Earth  
Has gendered crimes unheard-of heretofore,  
And Nature may have changed in her last depths,  
Together with the Gods and all their laws.

IPHIGENEIA.

Father ! we must not let you here condemn ;  
Not, were the day less joyful : recollect  
We have no wicked here ; no king to judge.  
Poseidon, we have heard, with bitter rage  
Lashes his foaming steeds against the skies,  
And, laughing with loud yell at winged fire  
Innoxious to his fields and palaces,  
Affrights the eagle from the sceptred hand ;  
While Pluto, gentlest brother of the three  
And happiest in obedience, views sedate

His tranquil realm, nor envies theirs above.  
 No change have we, not even day for night  
 Nor spring for summer.

All things are serene,  
 Serene too be your spirit! None on earth  
 Ever was half so kindly in his house,  
 And so compliant, even to a child.  
 Never was snatcht your robe away from me,  
 Though going to the council. The blind man  
 Knew his good king was leading him indoors  
 Before he heard the voice that marshall'd Greece.  
 Therefore all prais'd you.

Proudest men themselves  
 In others praise humility, and most  
 Admire it in the scepter and the sword.  
 What then can make you speak thus rapidly  
 And briefly? in your step thus hesitate?  
 Are you afraid to meet among the good  
 Incestuous Helen here?

AGAMEMNON.

O! Gods of Hell!

IPHIGENEIA.

She hath not past the river.

We may walk  
 With our hands linkt nor feel our house's shame.

AGAMEMNON.

Never mayst thou, Iphigeneia, feel it!  
 Aulis had no sharp sword, thou wouldst exclaim,  
 Greece no avenger . . I, her chief so late,  
 Through Erebos, through Elysium, writhe beneath it.



## IPHIGENEIA.

Come, I have better diadems than those  
Of Argos and Mycenai: come away,  
And I will weave them for you on the bank.  
You will not look so pale when you have walkt  
A little in the grove, and have told all  
Those sweet fond words the widow sent her child.

## AGAMEMNON.

O Earth! I suffered less upon thy shores!  
(*Aside.*) The bath that bubbled with my blood, the  
    blows  
That spilt it (O worse torture!) must she know?  
Ah! the first woman coming from Mycenai  
Will pine to pour this poison in her ear,  
Taunting sad Charon for his slow advance.  
Iphigeneia!

## IPHIGENEIA.

Why thus turn away?  
Calling me with such fondness! I am here,  
Father! and where you are, will ever be.

## AGAMEMNON.

Thou art my child; yes, yes, thou art my child.  
All was not once what all now is! Come on,  
Idol of love and truth! my child! my child!  
(*Alone.*) Fell woman! ever false! false was thy last  
Denunciation, as thy bridal vow;  
And yet even that found faith with me! The dirk  
Which sever'd flesh from flesh, where this hand rests,

Severs not, as thou boastedst in thy scoffs,  
Iphigeneia's love from Agamemnon :  
The wife's a spark may light, a straw consume,  
The daughter's not her heart's whole fount hath  
    quencht,  
'Tis worthy of the Gods, and lives for ever.

## IPHIGENEIA.

What spake my father to the Gods above ?  
Unworthy am I then to join in prayer ?  
If, on the last, or any day before,  
Of my brief course on earth, I did amiss,  
Say it at once, and let me be unblest ;  
But, O my faultless father ! why should you ?  
And shun so my embraces ?

Am I wild

And wandering in my fondness !

We are shades !

Groan not thus deeply ; blight not thus the season  
Of full-orb'd gladness ! Shades we are indeed,  
But mingled, let us feel it, with the blest.  
I knew it, but forgot it suddenly,  
Altho' I felt it all at your approach.  
Look on me ; smile with me at my illusion . .  
You are so like what you have ever been  
(Except in sorrow !) I might well forget  
I could not win you as I used to do.  
It was the first embrace since my descent  
I ever aim'd at : those who love me live,  
Save one, who loves me most, and now would chide  
    me.

AGAMEMNON.

We want not, O Iphigeneia, we  
Want not embrace, nor kiss that cools the heart  
With purity, nor words that more and more  
Teach what we know from those we know, and sink  
Often most deeply where they fall most light.  
Time was when for the faintest breath of thine  
Kingdom and life were little.

IPHIGENEIA.

Value them

As little now.

AGAMEMNON.

Were life and kingdom all!

IPHIGENEIA.

Ah! by our death many are sad who loved us.  
The little fond Electra, and Orestes  
So childish and so bold! O that mad boy!  
They will be happy too.

Cheer! king of men!

Cheer! there are voices, songs . . Cheer! arms ad-  
vance.

AGAMEMNON.

Come to me, soul of peace! These, these alone,  
These are not false embraces.

IPHIGENEIA.

Both are happy!

## AGAMEMNON.

Freshness breathes round me from some breeze above.  
What are ye, winged ones ! with golden urns ?

THE HOURS (*descending*).

The Hours. To each an urn we bring.  
Earth's purest gold  
Alone can hold  
The lymph of the Lethèan spring.  
We, son of Atreus ! we divide  
The dulcet from the bitter tide  
That runs athwart the paths of men.  
No more our pinions shalt thou see.  
Take comfort ! We have done with thee,  
And must away to earth again.

(*Ascending.*)

Where thou art, thou  
Of braided brow,  
Thou cull'd too soon from Argive bow'rs,  
Where thy sweet voice is heard among  
The shades that thrill with choral song,  
None can regret the parted Hours.

## CHORUS OF ARGIVES.

Maiden ! be thou the spirit that breathes  
Triumph and joy into our song !  
Wear and bestow these amaranth-wreaths,  
Iphigeneia ! they belong  
To none but thee and her who reigns  
(Less chaunted) on our bosky plains.

## SEMICHORUS.

Iphigeneia! 'tis to thee  
Glory we owe and victory.  
Clash, men of Argos, clash your arms  
To martial worth and virgin charms.

## OTHER SEMICHORUS.

Ye men of Argos! it was sweet  
To roll the fruits of conquest at the feet  
Whose whispering sound made bravest hearts beat  
fast :

    This we have known at home,  
    But hither we are come  
To crown the king who ruled us first and last.

## CHORUS.

Father of Argos! king of men!  
    We chaunt the hymn of praise to thee.  
In serried ranks we stand again,  
    Our glory safe, our country free.  
Clash, clash the arms we bravely bore  
Against Scamander's God-defended shore.

## SEMICHORUS.

Blessed art thou who hast repell'd  
Battle's wild fury, Ocean's whelming foam;  
    Blessed o'er all, to have beheld  
Wife, children, house avenged, and peaceful home!

## OTHER SEMICHORUS.

    We too, thou seest, are now  
Among the happy, though the aged brow

From sorrow for us we could not protect,  
Nor, on the polisht granite of the well  
Folding our arms, of spoils and perils tell,  
Nor lift the vase on the lov'd head erect.

## SEMICHORUS.

What whirling wheels are those behind ?  
What plumes come flaring through the wind,  
Nearer and nearer ? From his car  
He who defied the heaven-born Powers of war  
Pelides springs: Dust, dust are we  
To him, O king, who bends the knee,  
Proud only to be first in reverent praise of thee.

## OTHER SEMICHORUS.

Clash, clash the arms ! None other race  
Shall see such heroes face to face.  
We too have fought ; and they have seen  
Nor sea-sand grey nor meadow green  
Where Dardans stood against their men . .  
Clash ! Io Pæan ! clash again !  
Repinings for lost days repress . .  
The flames of Troy had cheer'd us less.

## CHORUS.

Hark ! from afar more war-steeds neigh.  
Thousands o'er thousands rush this way.  
Ajax is yonder ! ay, behold  
The radiant arms of Lycian gold !  
Arms from admiring valour won,  
Tydeus ! and worthy of thy son.  
'Tis Ajax wears them now ; for he  
Rules over Adria's stormy sea.

He threw them to the friend who lost  
(By the dim judgment of the host)  
Those wet with tears which Thetis gave  
The youth most beauteous of the brave.  
In vain ! the insatiate soul would go  
For comfort to his peers below.  
Clash ! ere we leave them all the plain,  
Clash ! Io Pæan ! once again !

HERCULES, PLUTO, ALCESTIS, ADMETOS.

HERCULES.

WEEPEST thou? Weep thou mayst; but not for long.

ALCESTIS.

Certainly not for long, O Heracles!  
So let me weep: this day, if not this night,  
Will join me to Admetos.

HERCULES.

   Say, what voice  
Hath told thee so?

ALCESTIS.

The voice within my breast.

HERCULES.

It shall be true as was thy heart to him . .

ALCESTIS.

Who now lies without hope for one hour more  
Upon this earth.

HERCULES.

No power have I o'er fate.

ALCESTIS.

Thou canst not, I can, save him.

HERCULES.

Tell me how.



ALCESTIS.

I dare not utter my design to thee,  
 For vows are sacred, so conditions are,  
 And both are, or will soon be, ratified.  
 The God who rules below will cast him down  
 Before my steps can reach those horrid realms,  
 If those are horrid where the faithful meet  
 To love eternally.

HERCULES.

But wouldst thou not  
 Rather return with him to the early scenes  
 Of your betrothal, of your happier hours?

ALCESTIS.

Alas! alas! not Hades, not Elysion,  
 Not heaven itself, could ever soothe my soul  
 As those have done . . but when he goes I go . .  
 O could it but be first!

HERCULES.

The Gods may grant  
 This wish at thy entreaty.

ALCESTIS.

They have heard  
 Already every prayer my heart could frame.

HERCULES.

On me they have bestow'd some power to calm  
 Thy breast, Alcestis!

ALCESTIS.

Save with his, mine never.

HERCULES.

Be calmer, cheer thee. Every God above  
Hath been propitious to me; he below  
Shall hear me: not another day shall see  
Such faithful hearts apart.

ALCESTIS.

No word of thine  
Was ever false, but how can this be true?

HERCULES.

Question me not.

I have been told ere now  
That heavy grief brings also heavy sleep,  
Lighter be thine! but confidently close  
Those eyes half-closed already by the weight  
That overhangs them.

ALCESTIS.

Can I? Do I dream?

HERCULES.

No, but thou shalt when Love hath had his way.

PLUTO.

Who comes among the Shades and is no Shade?

HERCULES.

Thy elder brother's offspring, Heracles.

PLUTO.

And sent thee hither he?

HERCULES.

His will it was.

PLUTO.

And what thy errand?

HERCULES.

Rescue.

PLUTO.

Rescue hence?

There never was, nor shall be.

HERCULES.

Say not so,

Brother of him the mighty and the just.

PLUTO.

Just callest thou the brother who usurpt  
His father's throne, and thrust these realms on me?  
Peopled are mine, 'tis true, far more than his  
Or than Poseidon's, with his singing Nymphs  
And blowing Tritons in loud choruses  
On conchs, and songless speechless multitudes;  
Callest thou him the just? mighty he may be  
On earth, or over earth, but never here.  
And thou, who art but mortal, darest come  
Invader, to my very throne!

HERCULES.

I came  
 Speedily as I could, but was outrun  
 By one who hurried to recall from hence  
 Him whom ere this she haply hath embraced,  
 Admetos; her own life she gives for his;  
 And this condition every God approves.

PLUTO.

Every? and am not I one? My consent  
 Neither those gods nor thou shall gain. Return . .  
 For what is she to thee, audacious man?

HERCULES.

Alcestis is the daughter of my friend.

PLUTO.

If truth has reacht me here (and oftener truth  
 Is found below than among those on earth)  
 Many have been the daughters thou hast there  
 Rescued from spousal and parental bonds.

HERCULES.

I bear no shaft of wit so keen as thine,  
 Nor would confront thee: only give me up  
 The virtuous bride, then will I reäscend.

PLUTO.

What if thy calculation be amiss.  
 The bride I give not up: thou mayest go,  
 With my goodwill, but must leave her behind.

HERCULES.

I would not wrestle with thee.

PLUTO.

Art thou mad?

Wrestle with an Immortal!

HERCULES.

If compell'd,  
And grow myself Immortal by that strife.

PLUTO.

Cerberos! seize him.

HERCULES.

'Twas not long ago  
He lickt the instep of Eurydice  
And only growl'd at her deliverer.  
Brave dogs are fellow-creatures of brave men,  
Not one of his three heads would bark at me.

PLUTO.

*(Alcestis rushing forward.)*

Woman! whence comest? whither rushest thou?

ALCESTIS.

*(Not minding him.)*

O Heracles! and art thou also doom'd  
To bless earth never more?

HERCULES.

To bless once more

240      HERCULES, PLUTO, ALCESTIS, ADMETOS.

Earth with thy presence come I, nor will go  
Until I lead thee back.

PLUTO.

Styx! Phlegethon!

Surround him.

HERCULES.

I will cast thee into them,  
God as thou art, if any hurt befalls  
Alcestis.

ALCESTIS.

Leave me, leave me, Heracles!  
Never from my Admetos will I part.

PERSEPHONE (*entering*).

Nor shalt thou.

PLUTO.

And thou, too, refractory?  
Even thou, Persephone!

PERSEPHONE.

Thou once didst love me,  
O Pluto! love me now; remit, remit  
Thy rigid laws . . give me these two. Advance,  
Admetos! (*whispers*)  
He may change his mind . . go, go.

ADMETOS (*ascending*).

I feel afresh the air of heaven; thy kiss  
Breath'd it, and do my steps touch earth again?

## HERCULES.

Yea, firm as mine do.

But thou stil art faint,  
Alcestis! If my shoulder is too high  
For thee to lean on, let this arm help his.

I had no time or thought to look beyond,  
And I saw nothing of Elysian fields;  
If there be any thou shalt find them all  
Among those pastures where Apollo fed  
Thy herds, Admetos! where another God  
(Thou knowest who) Alcestis! drew thee forth  
And placed thee on that fond and faithful breast  
Whereon thou, undivided, shalt repose.

## ALCESTIS.

Shall we be never, never, parted more?

## ADMETOS.

Let us, my own Alcestis, leave behind  
(Since one day both must die) a proof that love  
May be as happy, if as true, as thine.  
Age is before us, be it long before,  
And Death not wait for either!

## HERCULES.

Haste ye home,  
And there hold fitter than such grave discourse.  
Remember, Hymen is come back again  
And follows close, for Hymen hates delay.  
Admetos! I was fancying that thy brood  
Of gallant coursers, boast of Thessaly,  
Will not awaken you tomorrow-morn,

With all their neighings at the palace-gate,  
 To greet ye coming safe and sound again.  
 Let me forbid the maidens to entwine,  
 Whatever they may gather in the dew,  
 Flowers till past noontide: they are ever apt  
 To speed on such occasions, and to break  
 The spell descending from the silent moon,  
 A spell which binds together strong and weak.  
 They shall sing merrily for honied cates,  
 A guerdon and a symbol not unmeet:  
 I too would sing among them, but no song  
 Could Orpheus teach me, nor would let me touch  
 His harp; my fingers, said he, were unfit;  
 Nor was my voice melodious, tho less harsh  
 Than when ye heard it in yon place below.

CHORUS OF MATRONS AT MORNING.

Come, little girls who catch the laughter  
 And know not what the laughter means,  
 But who shall know it well hereafter  
 Amid less grand and gaudy scenes.

Come, maidens, ye almost as young,  
 Ye too whose cheeks are full in bloom,  
 Lay by your wreathes, and sing a song  
 To her whose love hath burst the tomb.

Then to the praises of the bold,  
 Then of the tender and the true,  
 A pair whom Hades could not hold . .  
 And may such heroes wed with you!



GIRLS' REPLY.

We are too young to think of men,  
Few of us yet are seventeen;  
Better to trim the wreath, and then  
To look and see how looks the queen.



## APPENDIX.

The following poems, it will be seen, have no connection with the Hellenics, and mostly were written since, on recent occasions.

## APPENDIX.

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*A heartier age will come ; the wise will know \**  
*If in my writings there be aught of worth,*  
Said ardent Milton, whose internal light  
Dispel'd the darkness of despondency,  
Before he with imperishable gold  
Damaskt the hilt of our Protector's blade.  
Wonder not if that seer, the nighest to heaven  
Of all below, could have thus well divined.

I, on a seat beneath, but on his right,  
Neither expect nor hope my verse may lie  
With summer sweets, with albums gaily drest,  
Where poddle snifts at flower between the leaves.  
A few will cull my fruit, and like the taste,  
And find not overmuch to pare away.  
The soundest apples are not soonest ripe,  
In some dark room laid up when others rot.

\* Veniet cordatior ætas ;  
Siquid meremur sana posteritas sciet.  
MILTON, *Poemata*.

Southey and Hare and, on his deathbed, Ward,  
And others of like stamp, have nodded praise.  
Unchallenged I have crost the Argive tents,  
Alone; and I have wrestled with the prime  
Of shepherds on the plains of Sicily,  
And her young maidens placed me by their side,  
And bade my rival listen while I sang.  
Meanwhile not querulous nor feverish  
Hath been my courtship of the passing voice,  
Nor panted for its echo. Time has been  
When Cowley shone near Milton, nay, above!  
An age roll'd on before a keener sight  
Could separate and see them far apart.  
Thus in our day hath Ireland's noble sage  
Brought down to human ken and shown how vast  
The space between two stars, which few had seen,  
And none seen separate.

We upon earth  
Have not our places and our distances  
Assign'd, for many years; at last a tube,  
Rais'd and adjusted by Intelligence,  
Stands elevated to a cloudless sky,  
And place and magnitude are ascertain'd.

If I extoll'd the virtuous and the wise,  
The brave and beautiful, and well discern'd  
Their features as they fixt their eyes on mine;  
If I have won a kindness never wooed;  
Could I foresee that . . fallen among thieves,  
Despoil'd, halt, wounded . . tramping traffickers  
Should throw their dirt upon me, not without  
Some small sharp pebbles carefully inclosed?

However, from one crime they are exempt ;  
They do not strike a brother, striking *me*.

This breathes o'er me a cool serenity,  
O'er me divided from old friends, in lands  
Pleasant, if aught without old friends can please,  
Where round their lowly turf-built terraces  
Grey olives twinkle in this wintry sun,  
And crimson light invests yon quarried cliff,  
And central towers from distant villas peer  
Until Arezzo's ridges intervene.

Festival I would keep before I leave  
The land where I am tarrying ; to this end  
Muses ! who often heard me, hear me now !  
Come, and invite my neighbours on the marsh  
To lay aside the homely bowl for once ;  
Come, tell them, at my table they may taste  
The generous wines of Cypros and of Crete,  
And hear the chaunt in honor of that God  
Who gave the mask and buskin to the stage,  
Which the wise Goddess from her fane aloft  
Surveyed with stedfast eyes, nor disapproved.  
Let me look back upon the world again !  
Ah ! let me look upon the graves of friends  
Departed ; let me rest my eyes at last  
Upon one happy mansion, hers whose pure  
And holy light fell down on me when first  
It dawned, and few had ever gazed at mine.  
Quitting our poplars and our cypresses,  
And the secluded scene they overhang,  
Run glibly on, my little Affrico,  
Content to cool the feet of weary hind

On thy smooth pavement, strown for him with moss;  
Regretting not thy vanisht lake, and maids  
Aside its bank, each telling tale for tale ;  
Revert thee rather, and with pride record  
Here blythe Boccaccio led his *Fair Brigade*,\*  
Here Galileo with the stars converst,  
And Milton soar'd above them to his God.

\* Called *La bella Brigata* by him.



## MARCUS AURELIUS AND LUCIAN.

M. AURELIUS.

LUCIAN! in one thing thou art ill-advised.

LUCIAN.

And in one only? tell me which is that.

M. AURELIUS.

In scoffing, as thou hast done openly,  
At all religions: there is truth in all.

LUCIAN.

Ah! could we see it! but the well is deep.  
Each mortal calls his God inscrutable;  
And this at least is true: why not stop there?  
Some subdivide him; others hold him close,  
Forcing the subdivisions to unite.  
The worshiper of Mithras lifts his eyes  
To hail his early rising, for he knows  
Who gives the fruits of earth to nourish him;  
Olympus and the Alps are hills alike  
To him, and goats their best inhabitants.

Did Epictetus take our rotten staves  
To walk with uprightly? did Cicero  
Kneel down before our urban deities?  
He carried in his mouth a Jupiter  
Ready for Senates when he would harangue,  
Then wiped him clean and laid him down again.

M. AURELIUS.

Religions, true or false, may lend support  
To man's right conduct : some deterr from ill  
Thro' fear, and others lead by gentleness,  
Benevolence in thought, beneficence  
In action, and at times to patriotism  
And gallant struggles for their native land.

LUCIAN.

So much the worse for these. Did Julius spare  
The Druid in his grove? no; he wrenched off  
The golden sickle from the misleto,  
And burnt the wicker basket ere it held  
Aloft on sacred oak the wretch within.

M. AURELIUS.

I doubt it: he knew well the use of priests.  
Scoffing was not his fault, ambition was;  
Yet clemency could over-rule ambition.

LUCIAN.

This of all vices is the very worst  
Where the best men are made the sacrifice.

M. AURELIUS.

I am accused, I hear, of wanting it.

LUCIAN.

Yet thou too, Marcus, art ambitious; thou  
Wouldst conquer worlds . . with kindness, wouldst  
instruct

The unwise, control the violent, and divert  
From battle-field to corn-field.

M. AURELIUS.

This I would,

But never irritate weak intellects  
Clinging to a religion learnt by heart  
From nurse and mother, thence most justly dear.

LUCIAN.

Founded on falsehood are not all religions,  
All copies, more or less, from older ones?  
Some by transfusion purified, and some  
Weaken'd, and pour'd again upon the dregs,  
Until they first ferment and then turn sour.

M. AURELIUS.

Yet, Lucian, there is truth in one religion,  
Truth in that one which rises from a heart  
With sweet and silent gratitude o'erflowing.

LUCIAN.

Weakest of orders is the composite,  
Such is the fabric folks walk under here,  
Already we have seen part after part  
Crack off, and terrify bare scalps below.

M. AURELIUS.

Leave Rome her quiet Gods.

LUCIAN.

Not Saturn though,

Who would have eaten every God ere teetht,  
But his first-born disabled him, and made  
The little Venus laugh at granpapa.

M. AURELIUS.

We are not going up so far as him.

LUCIAN.

Fain would I stop at Venus and her son ;  
It were ungrateful in me to malign  
Such gentle Deities ; to laugh at them  
They now, alas ! have left me little power ;  
Juno has helpt in my discomfiture.

M. AURELIUS.

Into your Lares I will not intrude :  
Temples I enter rarely ; not a God  
Minds me above those atoms of the earth  
Whereof we, low and lofty, are composed.  
Such is the surest doctrine to uphold,  
But to divulge even this may be unsafe.  
Have not we known the Sage of Palestine  
Derided, persecuted, crucified ?  
Have we not seen his simple followers  
Slaughter'd in this our city, this our Rome,  
Some burnt alive, some thrown among wild beasts ?

LUCIAN.

Woefully true ! and thieves and murderers  
Have sprung up from the ground whereon they bled ;  
No wicker-basket men, men calling Heaven  
To help them in their vengeance on a foe

Who puts the left leg where he should the right,  
And will not draw it back, but walk strait on.

M. AURELIUS.

Woefully true this also, but unwise,  
Because unsafe, to utter.

LUCIAN.

Truth is more  
Unsafe than falsehood, and was ever so.

M. AURELIUS.

Well, I would not exasperate by wit's  
Sharp point the robb'd and bleeding ; stoop thou  
rather  
To heal them.

LUCIAN.

They would kick me in the face  
If for such office I bend over them.  
Better to strip the sophists of their rings  
And trailing trappings, chaunting boys before,  
Waving fat incense up against their beards  
Ere they parade in them through every street,  
And at the end of Via Sacra halt  
To choose an Emperor of their own.

M. AURELIUS.

Friend Lucian ! thou art more jocose than ever.  
Why not imagine they may take my horse  
From under me, then round men's shoulders strap  
The curule chair and hoist a priest thereon ?

## LUCIAN.

Thy depth of wisdom, Marcus, long I knew,  
But never knew thee poet til this hour.  
Homer feign'd Polypheme, Calypso, Circe,  
Imagination left him on the strand  
With these ; he never saw, even in a dream,  
So strange a rider mount a curule chair.

The sentiments of M. Aurelius and of Lucian are here exhibited. That Lucian was an honest man (if such a scoffer as he and Rabelais, and Cervantes and Dean Swift, are allowed to be) is probable by so sagacious and virtuous a prince as M. Aurelius appointing him to an important office in Egypt. There is more of banter than of wit in his Dialogues. In wit he is far inferior to Moliere, Voltaire, Congreve, Swift, Hood, and some now living.

ON THE DESCENT INTO HELL OF  
EZZELINO DI NAPOLI.

REJOICE, ye nations! one is dead  
By whom ten thousand hearts have bled.  
Widows and orphans, raise your voice . .  
One voice, ye prostrate peoples, raise  
To God; to God alone be praise!  
All dwellers upon earth, rejoice:

The imprisond soul, the tortured limb,  
Are now at last set free by Him.  
Each king their fellow king supplied  
With thongs to scourge ye: but your wrongs  
Reacht highest heaven; Angelic tongues  
Shouted when Earth's Flagellant died.

The Demons heard and yell'd below,  
Glad that his endless day of woe  
(Long after theirs) had dimly dawn'd.  
The proudest of them all sate dumb,  
Angry that any Prince should come,  
Who grudg'd to give the soul he pawn'd.

He gnasht his teeth; opprobrious names  
Muttered on Death, and wisht his flames  
Could crack his stubborn ribs . . in vain . .  
He must resign or share the place  
Imperial; he must bear disgrace  
While that intruder feels but pain.

The Devils' mouths but seldom water,  
Yet, sniffing this fat slug of slaughter,  
    Theirs do, they then this grace begin,  
"We have carous'd on king and pope  
By dozens; could the worthiest hope  
    A second course of Ezzelin?"



## ON LADY CHARLES BEAUCLERC'S DEATH.

NOT empty are the honours that we pay  
To the departed ; our own hearts are fill'd  
Brimfull with grateful reminiscences ;  
Compassion is excited ; the most stern  
Relent ; and better even the best return.

Such, Teresita, were my thoughts, all day,  
All night, when thou wert carried to thy home  
Eternal, amid tears thou couldst not share,  
Thither where none, not even of joy, are shed.  
Surrounded with God's own serenity  
Is that pure brow rais'd humbly to his throne.

Leaving thy home and those most dear awhile,  
Thou, a few months before, wouldst have consoled  
My sufferings : who shall now console thy sire's ?  
Proud not of victories won in southern climes  
And equal laws administer'd, but proud  
Of virtues he implanted in his child.

## ON THE CONFLAGRATION OF THE PO.

WHY is, and whence, the Po in flames? and why  
In consternation do its borderers raise  
Imploring hands to mortal men around  
And Gods above? Are Gods implacable?  
Or men bereft of sight at such a blaze?

Apollo hath no more a son; his breath  
Is stifled, and smoke only fills the air  
Where once was fire, and men to men were true.  
Fierce ones and faithless now approach the waste,  
Who look transversely with an evil eye,  
And scowl and threaten, and uplift the sword,  
And, if they lower it, 'tis but to grasp more  
And more of amber left on either bank.

Apollo hates the land he once so loved,  
Nor swan is seen nor nightingale is heard  
Nigh the dead river and affrighted vale,  
For every Nymph shed there incessant tears,  
And into amber hardened all they shed.

## BLESSING ON PYTHAGORAS.

BY AN ANCIENT PYTHAGOREAN.

BLESSED be he who taught us to abstain  
 From flesh of animal, and bean as bad,  
 But stated days appointed wherein fish,  
 Marine or fluvial, scaly or smooth-skin'd,  
 And pullet eggs, and certain mild legumes  
 Which rise not up rebellious like the bean,  
 Were unprohibited. Be blessed he  
 Who fearless walked upon his golden thigh  
 Over the sea from Egypt's holy land  
 Until at length he reacht our Italy,  
 Pythagoras.

We stil keep his commands,  
 Save only those which rigidly forbid  
 Bloodshed, of beast not only, but of man:  
 This the most righteous pray the Gods to grant.

I do confess, and would repent, my sins,  
 But harder is repentance than confession,  
 For bovine I have eaten, nor abstain'd  
 From porcine, and would rather shed such blood  
 Than blood of fellow man.

*"Thou art perverse,"*  
 The righteous say, and deem this abstinence  
 Capricious.

*"Why not slay him if thou slay  
 Creatures more innocent?"*

Such argument  
 Baffles reply; therefor I, hastening home,  
 Lay napkin upon knee and carve my beef.

## A POET LEAVING ATHENS.

SPEAK not too ill of me, Athenian friends !  
Nor ye, Athenian sages, speak too ill !  
From others of all tribes am I secure.  
I leave your confines : none whom you caress,  
Finding me hungry and athirst, shall dip  
Into Cephisos the grey bowl to quench  
My thirst, or break the horny bread, and scoop  
Stiffly around the scanty vase, wherewith  
To gather the hard honey at the sides,  
And give it me for having heard me sing.  
Sages and friends ! a better cause remains  
For wishing no black sail upon my mast.  
'Tis, friends and sages ! lest, when other men  
Say words a little gentler, ye repent,  
Yet be forbidden by stern pride to share  
The golden cup of kindness, pushing back  
Your seats, and gasping for a draught of scorn.  
Alas ! shall this too, never lackt before,  
Be, when you most would crave it, out of reach ?  
Thus on the plank, now Neptune is invoked,  
I warn you of your peril : I *must* live,  
And ye, O friends, howe'er unwilling, *may*.

## DE LIBERTATE.

DIVA illa quæ nunc exulat Neapoli  
Sub Alpibus non algida est;  
Ibi illa diva, fortibus semper comes,  
Te ampletitur, Poerio!

## AD ROMAM PERICLITANTEM.

O ROMA! sortem quis tuam non defleat!  
Ut amara contigit piis!  
Deos deasque mox videbimus nate  
Nudâ, atque vix superstitem;  
Sed una restat quæ tibi servat fidem,  
Laverna; liquit filium;  
De Vaticano monte dum vibrat faces  
Et fulmina et tonitrua,  
Fragore ridens artifex vafer suo,  
*Benedicite!* ait, *benedicite!*

## AD LIBERTATEM.

O QUÆ revisas arva Quiritium,  
Collesque Tuscos et salices Padi,  
    Udosque fines Sirmionis,  
    Gramineasque vias Tarenti !  
Quæ nunc Canopum, nunc Arabum sinus,  
Marisque rubri quæ penetras vada,  
    Thracemque, Libertas, Getamque,  
    Degeneremque fugis Britannum !  
Ah quàm fideli pectore te mea  
Fovit juventus ! quàm patriæ pudet !  
    Sublustre quam sordet sacellum,  
    Quàm veteres periere luci !  
Quos nunc adibis ? Hesperios viros,  
Viros Iberos ? an pateram libet  
    Puram et salubrem implere ab Istri  
    Fontibus, exiguone Rheno ?  
Sylvæ ruentis, fluminis abditi,  
Audire planctus, aerû lacûs  
    Primûm susurros, dein cachinnos,  
    Dein fremitum et rabiem, et ruinam  
Utrinque sparsam ab culmine rupium,  
Ascendere inter, stare super, juvat :  
    Qui magna consuescunt videre  
    Magna ferent, facientque magna.  
Refringis istis et glaciem Alpium  
Metumque pellis pensilibus jugis :  
    Quocunque spectaris reident  
    Lumine candidiore soles.

Messana, tendens brachia vinculis  
Exserta, pubes te Drepani, vocat :  
Interque pastores renidens  
Musa siracosiis cachinnis.  
Horrentia intras mœnia vepribus  
Queis Archimedis contegitur cyclus,  
Callesque quos ferro notavit  
Empedocles, deus Agrigenti.  
Quin vulgus excors nobilium crepet,  
At integrâ te dum sequerer fide,  
Plutónicas ædes adirem  
Et canerem Stygias ad undas.



## AD HEROINAM.

QUÆNAM dearum stat mediâ viâ ?  
Quâ me morantem voce jubet sequi ?  
Gressum recognosco superbum,  
Atque oculos aliter timendos.

Trivultiorum filia nobilis !  
Nuper benigno lumine Larium  
Lustrans, reliquisti paternæ  
De proavis ditionis Alpes,

Vallesque flavas et juga vitium  
Obducta pronis retibus ? est acer\*  
Pubentibus fidus minister,  
Sunt nemora undisonæque villæ :

Lympham inquietam subter imagines  
Candore mulcent, duraque Mediæ  
Gemma† intepentis large odores  
Cœlitibus placidis profundit.

Parendum . . Eamus quâ tuba concitat  
Ad arma seros Ausoniæ siros,  
Qua Roma vexillis coruscat  
Ad nemora Albunæ sonantis.

\* Cui (non ulmo ut olim) vites ligatur. Aliquibus agri Mediotanensis locis, mille passuum sub earum compagibus ambulatio est.

† Citrei flos durus et solidus est.

Corneliarum non domus interit,  
Non mersa fulvo gurgite Clelia,  
Non Arriæ ferrum vetustas  
(Hoc geris increpitans) peredit.

En ! vulneratis illam adhibes manum  
Quam gloria esset tangere regibus,  
Nec dentium studorem acutum  
Nec saniem refugis nigrantem.

Citum latronis nunc retrahit pedem  
Detrusa agresti milite Gallia,  
Diu sibi ipsi non fidelis,  
Ast aliis malefida semper.

Musæ, fatebor sponte, Britannicæ  
In calceo alto pes patulus natat,  
Nec Gratiae zonam modestæ  
Pectoribus religant anhelis :

Sed barbarorum cruda loquentia  
Te non lacesset ; non vacuum melos  
Tibi insusurrandum ; nec ibis  
Deciduo decorata serto.

Ad imperantis Justitiæ latus  
Guttam supremam sanguinis ablues,  
Post bella, post regum tumultus,  
Egeriæ gelido liquore.

Ubi ille in alto qui solet æthere  
Volare ? ubi ales qui Jovis ad latus

Sedere ? bubonem videmus ;  
Occinit in mediis ruinis.

Qui liberandum protenus Adriam  
Edixit alta voce vocantibus  
Idem resurgentem vetustis  
Implicat Italiam catenis.

Urbes reclamant . . “ I, caput occula,  
Nec pejeratum laurea protegat !  
I, regibus solis fidelis !  
I, maculate cruore nostro.”

En ! colla torquet libera pontifex  
Quem Roma dudum finibus expulit.  
Inulta-ne æternum manebit  
O superi ! Perusina cœdes ?

PRECES PRO SALUTE REGIS QUI MORBO  
PEDICULARI LABORAT.

Ut Natura jubet, pisces sint piscibus escæ;  
Atqui, pedicule, parce tu pediculo.  
Usque clientelæ fidissimus hospes adhære;  
Vivax sit ille, vestris annuentibus,  
Quamvis per tenebras et claustra diutius audit  
Paucos gementûm (ut ante) queis gavisus est.  
Carminibus Superos calidis pietate precamur  
Vivat, pediculis simul cohortibus.  
Quumque suprema dies illuxerit, ista legantur . .  
Pediculorum maximum hoc marmor tegit.

## AD PONTIFICEM,

CIVIUM CÆDE IN URBE PERUGIÂ JUSSU EJUS PATRATÂ.

FALLERE non sat erat populos, quin cæde latrones

Pascis, et infantûm sanguine tingis avos.

Haud facis ipse, inquis; viti! perfide! nonne coronam

Imponisque duci concelebrasque diem?

Proh scelus! et Galli circûm sine vindice dextrâ

Talia facta vident intuituque probant!

Exul eris, fraudesque tuæ cædesque patescent . .

Vive Dei oblitus; non erit ille tui.

## AD REGEM SARDINIÆ.

HAUD unquam tetigit regum mea dextera dextram,  
Horum alii jaceant, ut lubet, ante pedes.  
Dixerit haud quisquam me sollicitâsse potentûm  
Munera, quæ dederit aut potuere dare:  
Est igitur licitum jam denique plaudere soli  
Qui manibus puris sceptrâ paterna gerit.  
Vive, salus patriæ! neque cessent prælia donec  
Projectus fuerit Noricus ensis humi.  
Restituat Romæ popularia jura tribunus\*  
Qui tua nunc anteit castra, vir ante viros.

\* Barbarorum copias primus fudit fugavitque Garibaldus, miles strenuus, dux providus, aliorum sanguinis parcus, profusus sui. Gloriam, quam adaptus est, civium caritati posthabeat.

## NOTES.

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P. 5, line 2. *Thy beautifully-storied streets.*

Greek authors have recorded that the houses of Tanagra were painted on the outside. In like manner were many in the towns of Tuscany. There was Massa *La dipinta*: and within our memory some beautiful paintings have been effaced in Florence. Opposite to the Porta Romana was the front of a house adorned by the hand of Giovanni da San Giovanni. Probably the decorations of Tanagra commemorated heroes or demigods or illustrious citizens. Landscape, as rural scenes are called, was little cultivated before the time of Titian, whose background to his Peter Martyr is sublime.

P. 66, line 1. *Catillus and Salia.*

Plutark so calls the founder of Tibur. Horace writes *Mænia Catili*.

P. 129, line 1. *Pindar and Hiero.*

Mr Gladstone's two ponderous volumes on Homer open and shut on nothing new or important. Whatever is worth notice in them may be found in *Pericles and Aspasia*.

P. 248, line 3. *Southey and Hare and, on his deathbed, Ward.\**

Southey's criticism on *Gebir* may be found in the *Critical Review* for September 1799. He says on *Gebir's* speech to the Gadites, "A passage more truly Homeric than the close of this extract we do not remember in the volumes of modern poetry."

P. 248, line 13. *When Cowley shone near Milton.*

The learned Ainsworth says that Cowley was "poetarum sæculi sui *facile princeps*."

\* Lord Dudley and Ward.





## ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

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P. 2. *Thrasymedes and Eunöe.*

14th line : "Hera" should be "Heré."

P. 3, 1st line : "Piræos" should be "Piræeus."

P. 13. *Homer and Laertes.*

After "Sing cheerily but when the throat is moist."

Add :

HOMER.

I sang to maidens in my prime ; again  
(But not before the morrow) will I sing :  
Let me repose this noontide, since in sooth  
Wine, a sweet remedy for weariness,  
Helps to uplift its burden.

LAERTES.

Lie then down  
Along yon mat bestrown with rosemary.  
And, Agatha, do thou bring speedily  
The two large ewers, and fill brimfull the bath

Capacious ; that of brass ; Penelope's  
 Own bath, wherein she laught to see her boy  
 Paddle, like cygnet with its broad black oars,  
 Nor shunn'd the chilly water he threw up  
 Against her face . . he who grew soon so sage !  
 Then do thou, maiden, from hot cauldron pour  
 Enough to make it soothing to the feet ;  
 After, bring store of rushes, and long leaves  
 Of cane sweet-smelling, from the inland bank  
 Of that famed river far across the sea  
 Opposite, to our eyes invisible.  
 Be sure thou smoothen with both hands his couch  
 Who has the power to make both young and old  
 Live throughout ages.

AGATHA.

And look well throughout?

LAERTES.

Aye, aye, and better than they lookt before.  
 May thou rest well, old wanderer ! Even the Gods  
 Repose, the Sun himself sinks down to rest.

P. 59. *Coresus and Callirhoë.*

9th line from the bottom :

“ Catillus ” should be “ Coresus.”

P. 68. *Catillus and Salia.*

13th line :

“ oscillating now ” should be “ now oscillating.”

14th line :

“ Alone upon the water ; look up ; how befriends us ”  
should be

“ Alone upon the water ; how befriends us . ”

P. 80. *Pan and Pitys.*

10th line from the bottom :

“ And thou, Pan, than all . ”  
should be

“ And thou, Pan, worse than all . ”

5th line from the bottom :

“ Was safe, the love-sick swain kept a sharp look there ”  
should be

“ Was safe, the love-sick swain kept sharp look there . ”

P. 102. *Gebir.*

6th line : “ Leant ” should be “ Lean’d . ”

P. 109. *Chrysaor.*

Last line : “ with which ” should be “ wherewith . ”

P. 118. *Leontion, on Ternissa's Death.*

4th line of second stanza : “ once Ternissa ” should  
be “ our Ternissa . ”

P. 123. *Sophron's Hymn.*

10th line : “ Is there a city ” should be “ Is there in  
city . ”

P. 129. *Pindar and Hiero.*

6th line : Pindar's speech should have been printed

" In verse I sing

Not always dithyrambics. I may lift

A mortal," &c.

Omitting

" We do not feed

On race-horse flesh, nor drive the chariot-wheels

Upon the table. Even "

P. 135. *Cleone to Aspasia.*

12th line : " Heap up " should be " Heave up."

P. 144. *The Famine in Etruria.*

1st and 2d lines should be,

" Joyous they return'd, such joy

As could find entrance in such shrunk abodes."

P. 177. *Corythos.*

8th line : " What fault was ever mine,"

should be

" What fault, ye Gods, was mine,"

P. 179, 10th line from bottom : " Hercules " should  
be " Heracles."

P. 183, 4th line :

" Her hand to him : now first was he ashamed "

should be

" Her hand to Corythos : he stood ashamed."

5th line : "He looks, he sighs," should be "He  
"lookt, he sigh'd,"

6th line : "He hangs upon her words" should be  
"He hung," &c.

8th line : "said she" should be "thought she."

At once he told her why he came : she held  
Her hand to Corythos : he stood ashamed  
Not to have hated her : he lookt, he sigh'd,  
He hung upon her words . . what gentle words !  
How chaste her countenance.

"What open brows  
The brave and beauteous ever have !" thought she.

P. 192. *Peleus and Thetis.*

11th Line : "Æolus" should be "Æolos."

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